

No. 2

JULY, 1938

# ACTION COMICS

JOE



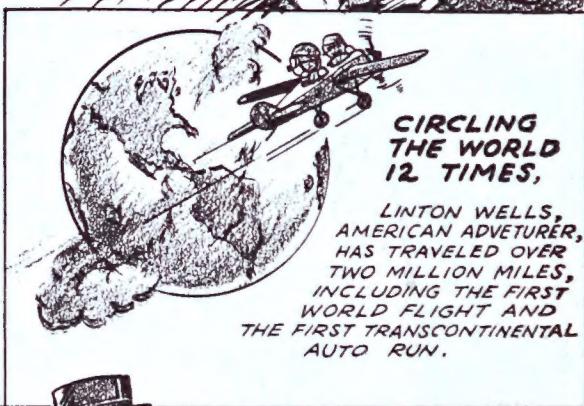
LEO E. O'MEALIA

# THRILLS!



## HUNTER NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH AS HE SHOOTS MOST DARING CLOSE-UP OF A LION EVER TAKEN!

WHILE "SHOOTING" BIG-GAME ON ONE OF HIS TRIPS IN AFRICA BERTRAM JEAREY, NOTED ENGLISH ADVENTURER-PHOTOGRAPHER, USING A GRASS SHIELD WHICH PARTLY HID HIMSELF AND CAMERA, CRAWLED WITHIN 15 FEET OF A GROUP OF LIONS. ONE OF THE BEASTS SCENTED JEAREY AND, WITH A FEROCIOUS SNARL, SPRANG AT THE SHIELD. AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPPED ANOTHER PICTURE, A GUIDE'S GUN ROARED FROM THE BUSHES NEARBY AND THE BEAST SCAMPERED AWAY—BUT JEAREY HAD IN HIS POSSESSION ONE OF THE MOST MARVELOUS CLOSE-UPS EVER TAKEN OF A WILD LION.



LINTON WELLS,  
AMERICAN ADVENTURER,  
HAS TRAVELED OVER  
TWO MILLION MILES,  
INCLUDING THE FIRST  
WORLD FLIGHT AND  
THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL  
AUTO RUN.



## JOINED FRENCH ARMY AT THE AGE OF 10 AND RETIRED AT 40 ACCREDITED WITH 60 YEARS MILITARY SERVICE

L'ADJUDANT THOMAS,  
COURAGEOUS FRENCH SOLDIER,  
IS THE VETERAN OF NEARLY  
3000 BATTLES.  
THOMAS SERVED IN THE  
MILITARY CAMPAIGN OF COLONIAL  
FRANCE DURING HIS ENLISTMENT OF  
30 YEARS, AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH  
FRENCH MILITARY RULES, THE YEARS  
SO SERVED COUNT DOUBLE.

## ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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# SUPERMAN

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

AS THEY TOPPLE LIKE A PLUMMET  
TO THE STREET BELOW, EIGHTY  
STORIES DISTANT, GREER SHRIEKS  
INSANELY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF  
THE BUILDING !



AS THEY STRIKE THE SIDEWALK, IT BURSTS  
INTO FRAGMENTS !



2.

SAY! WASN'T THAT  
FUN? -- LET'S DO  
IT AGAIN!

NO! I'LL TALK! --  
THE MAN BEHIND THE  
THREATENING WAR IS  
EMIL NORVELL, THE MUNI-  
TIONS MAGNATE. YOU'LL  
FIND HIM AT HIS LEX-  
INGTON PARK ESTATE!



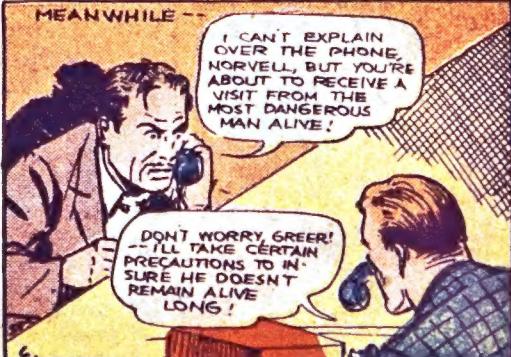
3.

HAVING SECURED  
THE INFORMATION  
HE DESIRES,  
**SUPERMAN**  
TAKES ABRUPT  
LEAVE OF GREER,  
SPRINGS TO THE  
TOP OF THE  
WASHINGTON  
MONUMENT,  
GETS HIS BEAR-  
INGS, THEN BEGINS  
HIS PUSH TOWARD  
NORVELL'S  
RESIDENCE



4.

MEANWHILE --



5.

FIVE MINUTES ELAPSE -- THEN . . .  
SUPERMAN STEPS THRU THE  
WINDOW OF ERIC NORVELL'S STUDY  
AND CALMLY CONFRONTS HIM . . .

WHETHER YOU  
LIKE IT OR NOT,  
NORVELL, YOU'RE  
COMING WITH  
ME!

SORRY, BUT I  
HAVE OTHER  
PLANS!

AS HE SPEAKS, THE MUNI-  
TIONS MANUFACTURER SUR-  
REPTITIOUSLY REACHES BE-  
HIND HIM TO PRESS A  
BUTTON ON HIS DESK.

WHAT ARE  
YOU HOLDING  
BEHIND YOU?  
-- GIVE IT  
TO ME!

ALL RIGHT  
BOYS! -- HE  
ASKED FOR IT!  
LET HIM  
HAVE IT!!

INSTANTLY  
SEVERAL  
PANELS  
ABOUT THE  
ROOM SLIDE  
ASIDE AND  
OUT STEP  
A NUMBER  
OF ARMED  
GUARDS!

NEXT  
MOMENT  
SUPERMAN  
IS THE  
CENTER  
OF A  
DEAFENING  
MACHINE-GUN  
BARRAGE!



UNHARMED BY THE RAIN OF MACHINE-  
GUN BULLETS, SUPERMAN STREAKS  
TOWARD HIS WOULD-BE MURDERERS!



A MOMENT LATER A DOZEN  
BODIES FLY HEADLONG OUT  
THE WINDOW INTO THE NIGHT,  
THE MACHINE-GUNS WRAPPED  
FIRMLY ABOUT THEIR NECKS!

YOU SEE HOW EFFORT-  
LESSLY I CRUSH THIS  
BAR OF IRON IN MY  
HAND? -- THAT BAR  
COULD JUST AS EASILY  
BE YOUR NECK! . . .  
NON FOR THE LAST  
TIME! ARE YOU  
COMING WITH ME?

YES! YES!  
IMMEDIATELY.



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER . . .

YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?  
IT'S THE BARONIA. TOMORROW,  
I LEAVES FOR SAN MONTES.  
UNLESS I FIND YOU ABOARD IT  
WHEN IT SAILS, I SWEAR I'LL  
FOLLOW YOU TO WHATEVER  
HOLE YOU HIDE IN, AND TEAR  
OUT YOUR CRUEL HEART  
WITH MY BARE  
HANDS!

I-- I'LL BE  
ON IT!



NEXT DAY AN ODD VARIETY OF PASSENGERS BOARD THE SAN MONTE' BOUND STEAMER BARONTA... CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE...

LOIS! WHY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

OUR EDITOR DECIDED TO HAVE ME ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE WAR-ZONE AND SEND BACK DISPATCHES COLORED WITH MY DISTINCTIVE FEMININE TOUCH!

15

... A GROUP OF SULLEN-FACED TOUGHS WHO POSSIBLY INTEND TO ENLIST WITH ONE OF THE ARMIES AS PAID MERCENARIES . . .

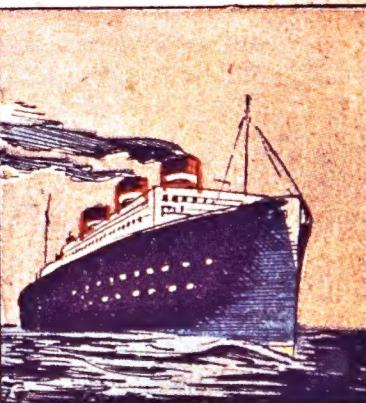


LOLA CORTEZ, WOMAN OF MYSTERY, AN EXOTIC BEAUTY WHO FAIRLY RADIATES DANGER AND INTRIGUE . . .

AND EMIL NORVELL, WHO HURRIES PASTY-FACED UP THE GANG-PLANK AND QUICKLY CONFINES HIMSELF TO HIS CABIN



HALF AN HOUR LATER THE BARONTA HOISTS ITS ANCHOR AND SLIPS OUT TO SEA, DESTINED FOR ONE OF THE STRANGEST VOYAGES THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.



IT IS THE FIRST NIGHT OUT... AS NORVELL NERVOUSLY PACES HIS CABIN, THERE COMES A KNOCK AT THE DOOR... HE ANSWERS IT . . .



A MOMENT AFTER SUPERMAN DEPARTS . . .



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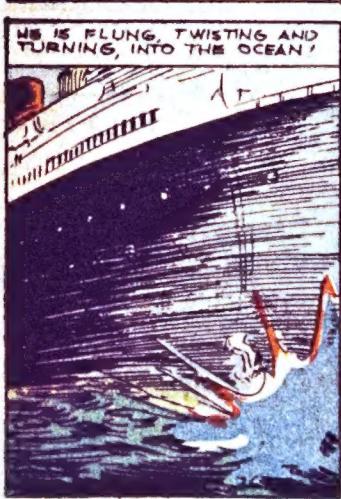
AS SUPERMAN STANDS SILENTLY AT THE SHIP'S RAIL, ADMIRING THE MOONLIGHT, HE WHIRLS SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!



HE IS FLUNG, TWISTING AND TURNING, INTO THE OCEAN!



ALL TOGETHER, NOW! —  
GET HIM!



THE THUGS REPORT BACK TO NORVELL . . .



IT WAS SIMPLE! A LITTLE SHOVE AND HE TOPPLED OVERBOARD! — NOW HOW ABOUT THAT DOUGH YOU PROMISED US!



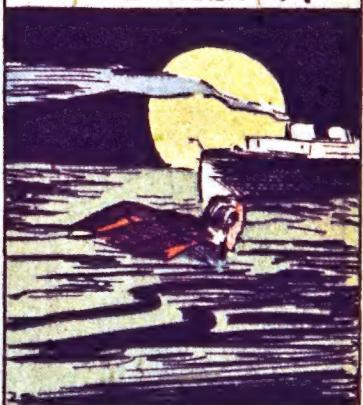
YOU'LL GET NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU TRUSTING FOOLS, AND BE GLAD I DON'T TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



FOR AN INSTANT SUPERMAN BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE RAIL — AND IN THAT SECOND IT GIVES WAY!



MEANWHILE — AT THAT VERY INSTANT, SUPERMAN, SWIMMING VIGOROUSLY, HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE STEAMER . . .



... BUT INSTEAD OF CLIMBING ABOARD, HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL THE BARONTA IS OUT-DISTANCED FAR BEHIND!

SEE YOU LATER!



NEXT EVENING, A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE STEAMER LANDS . . . NORVELL IS ATTACKED BY HIS DOUBLE-CROSSED HENCHMEN



NORVELL IS SAVED BY THE TIMELY APPEARANCE OF SUPERMAN



SUPERMAN SUBJECTS THE THUGS TO THE SEVEREST THRASHING OF THEIR LIVES!



THE THUGS FLEE BEFORE HIS FURY!



LATER -- IN HIS HOTEL



I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO: I'LL ENLIST IN THE ARMY -- THEN ESCAPE AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!



AFTER NORVELL ENLISTS --



ORDERS FROM  
HEADQUARTERS, SIR  
WE'RE TO MOVE  
TO THE FRONT.

THE NEW DETACHMENT  
MOVES IN TOWARD THE  
BATTLE-LINE

WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO?  
— KILL US BOTH?

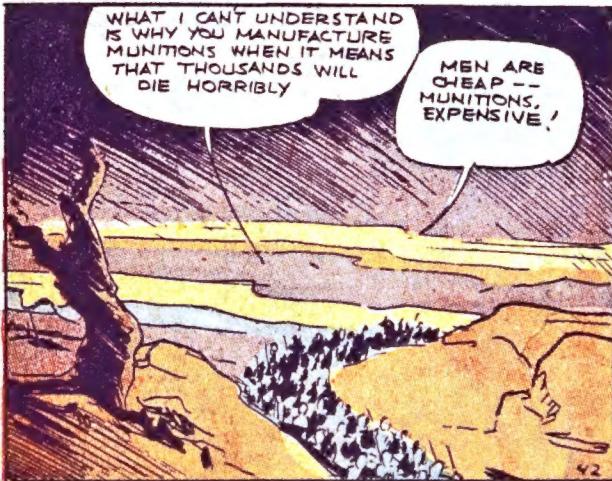
YOU'LL SEE!



WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
IS WHY YOU MANUFACTURE  
MUNITIONS WHEN IT MEANS  
THAT THOUSANDS WILL  
DIE HORRIBLY

MEN ARE  
CHEAP --  
MUNITIONS,  
EXPENSIVE!

AT THAT INSTANT — A SHELL  
WHINES OVERHEAD... THEN BURSTS!



THE COLUMN OF SOLDIERS  
DROPS FLAT, TO ESCAPE FLYING  
FRAGMENTS



THIS IS NO PLACE  
FOR A SANE MAN!  
I'LL DIE --!

I SEE! WHEN  
IT'S YOUR OWN LIFE  
THAT'S AT STAKE,  
YOUR VIEWPOINT  
CHANGES!



SHORTLY LATER, THE COMPANY DITCHES CAMP . . . RETIRES . . .



SENTRIES ARE PUZZLED BY A BARN SHADOW . . .

WHAT WAS THAT?

PROBABLY JUST A BIRD!

BUT IN REALITY IT IS SUPERMAN SPEEDING TO A STRANGE RENDEZVOUS



IN THE ENEMY CAMP . . .

BUT THE QUESTION, GENERAL, IS HOW STRONG ARE OUR LINES?

IMPERMEABLE!



AT THAT INSTANT A FIGURE BURSTS INTO THE TENT.

SMILE, PLEASE!  
—THANKS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER . . .

GONE!—  
BUT HE WON'T ESCAPE!

GUARDS!



LATER THAT EVENING, CLARK KENT MAILED A PACKAGE . . .

WHERE TO?

THE EVENING NEWS . . .  
CLEVELAND, OHIO



THE EVENING NEWS PRINTS A PICTURE-BOOK . . .

EVENING NEWS  
AMAZING WAR PICTURES!!



MEANWHILE, LOIS LANE AND LOLA CORTEZ HAVE REGISTERED AT THE SAME HOTEL

I'M A REPORTER DOWN HERE ON A NEWS ASSIGNMENT, AND YOU?

-- A WEALTHY TRAVELER.

AT THAT INSTANT, ARMY OFFICERS ENTERS THE HOTEL --

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

SUDDENLY PANICKY, LOLA DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR...



KENT, IN HIS DISGUISE AS A SOLDIER, OVERHEARS AN ASTOUNDING BIT OF INFORMATION

HAVE YOU HEARD? LOIS LANE, A SPY, IS TO BE EXECUTED THIS MORNING

YES! AND EXACTLY AT DAWN!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT LOIS IS BEING LED OUT TO HER DEATH.

I TELL YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON!

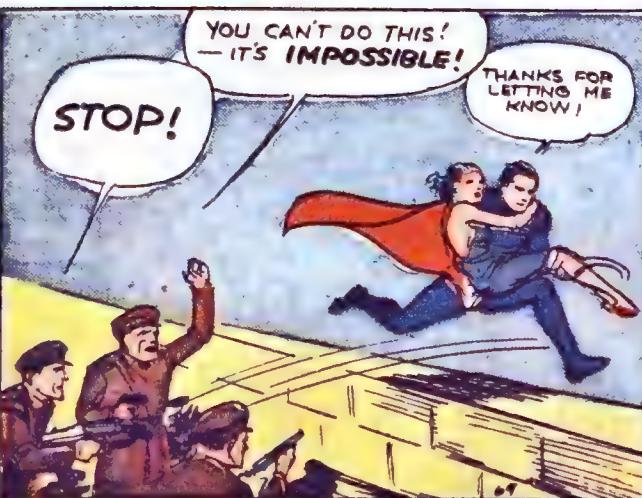
ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, A FANTASTIC FIGURE STREAKS PAST MILE AFTER MILE!



READY! AIM!  
FI—

DOWN—DOWN—INTO THE RANGE OF FIRE PLUMMETS SUPERMAN!

COVERING LOIS' BODY WITH HIS OWN, HE RECEIVES THE SHOTS MEANT FOR HER!



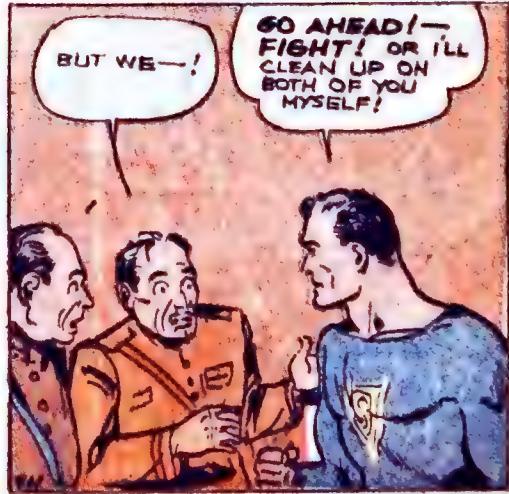




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SUPERMAN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ALL HISTORY, A MAN BATTLES AN AIRPLANE SINGLE-HANDED!







## ATTENTION ALL AMERICAN YOUTH!

NO DOUBT YOU ALL ADMIRE SUPERMAN'S AMAZING STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE. WELL, NOW YOU, TOO, CAN POSSESS SUPERB PHYSIQUES AND **SINEWS OF STEEL!**



BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE! SUPERMAN'S OWN COURSE IN:  
**"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH!"**

BUILD A BODY OF IRON, POSSESS THE STAMINA OF A GLADIATOR, THE ENDURANCE OF A SPARTAN!  
ASTOUND FRIENDS WITH MIRACULOUS FEATS OF STRENGTH!

ONLY IN **ACTION COMICS**  
WILL YOU FIND THIS IN-  
VALUABLE COURSE!  
**DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!**



# SCOOP SCANLON

## FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

THE PRIVATE YACHT OF SINCLAIR WENTWORTH IS ANCHORED OFF THE COAST OF CONNECTICUT — — —



ON BOARD A PARTY IS IN FULL SWING - IN FACT QUITE A PARTY! EVERYONE IS IMBIBING A BIT, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN AND THE CREW — — —

FILL HER UP - THE EVENING'S STILL YOUNG —

I SAY, CAPTAIN, A MEAN WIND IS BLOWING UP -

OH, IT'S NOTHING -



BUT IT PROVES WORSE THAN THE CAPTAIN EXPECTED - A TERRIFIC GALE SPRINGS UP WASHING THE LITTLE YACHT LOOSE FROM HER MOORINGS — — —



MAN YOUR POSTS, MEN, WE'RE ADRIFT —

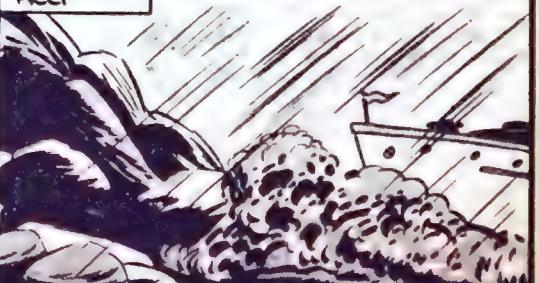
OH, SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! THIS IS TERRIBLE !



THE CAPTAIN AND CREW IN THEIR DRUNKEN STUPOR ARE UNABLE TO NAVIGATE THE CRAFT AND — — —



— — — BEFORE THEY REALIZE THEIR DANGER THE BOAT IS SWEEPED TOWARDS A ROCK BOUND REEF —



SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL !  
STAND BY FOR A  
CRASH —



THE BOAT HITS THE ROCKS - PASSENGERS  
ARE THROWN TO THE FLOOR —



THE CHURNING WAVES POUND THE TINY  
CRAFT MERCILESSLY ON THE JAGGED  
ROCKS —



SEND OUT AN S.O.S. !  
WE CAN'T LAST  
HERE LONG —



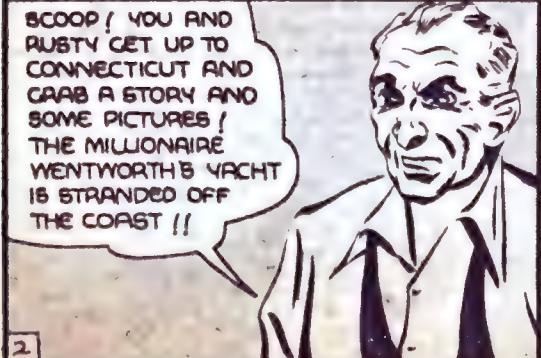
FRANTICALLY THE SHIPS RADIO OPERATOR  
FLASHES THE APPEAL FOR HELP ACROSS  
THE ETHER WAVES —



AND IN THE OFFICES OF THE BULLETIN —



SCOOP ! YOU AND  
RUSTY GET UP TO  
CONNECTICUT AND  
GRAB A STORY AND  
SOME PICTURES !  
THE MILLIONAIRE  
WENTWORTH'S YACHT  
IS STRANDED OFF  
THE COAST !!



BOY ! WHY DID  
HE HAVE TO  
PICK A NIGHT  
LIKE TONIGHT  
TO GET SHIP-  
WRECKED !

QUIT BEEFIN, RUSTY —  
THIS IS A BREAK FOR  
US —



HERE'S THE PLACE  
RUSTY —

YEAH, THE COAST  
GUARD ARE TRYING  
TO GET A LINE OUT  
TO THEM —

I'LL GET A COUPLE  
OF LONG SHOTS  
OF THIS —



THE COAST  
GUARD CUTTER  
FIGHTS ITS  
WAY OUT TO  
THE STRANDED  
YACHT — —



AFTER A DESPERATE STRUGGLE A  
BREECHES BUOY IS FINALLY RIGGED UP —

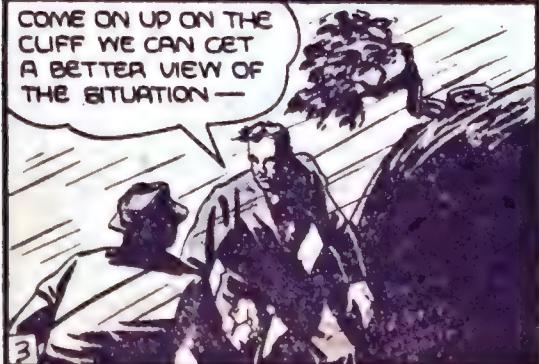


GET THIS, RUSTY,  
HERE COMES THE  
FIRST PASSENGER —

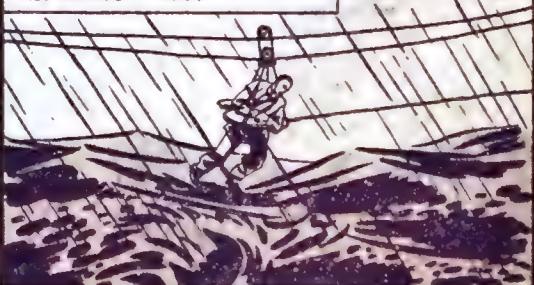
THAT BUOY IS TOO  
LOW, SCOOP / THE  
WAVES WILL  
SWEEP IT AWAY —



COME ON UP ON THE  
CLIFF WE CAN GET  
A BETTER VIEW OF  
THE SITUATION —



FOUR SURVIVORS ARE HAULED IN SAFE-  
LY THEN THE STORM BREAKS OUT WITH  
RENEWED FURY — —



OH-OH- THERE GOES  
THE BUOY - THEY'LL  
NEVER GET A LINE  
OUT TO THEM NOW -

ANOTHER BOAT'S  
GOING OUT TO  
THEM - - -

SAY, CAPTAIN !  
TRY AND RIG  
A BUOY FROM  
THE CLIFF IT'S  
YOUR ONLY  
CHANCE -

GOOD IDEA - COME  
ON MEN - BRING  
THE LINES -

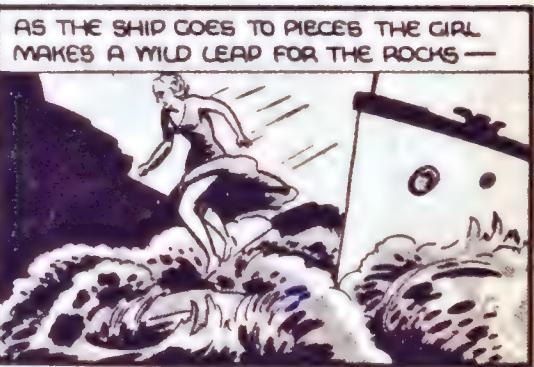
STAND BACK  
WE'RE GOING  
TO SHOOT A  
LINE TO YOU !!

OH ! MADE IT !  
THEY'VE GOT IT -

ALL IN BUT THE  
CAPTAIN -

TELL HIM TO COME ON  
UP !

JUST MADE IT ! THE  
SHIP'S COIN' TO PIECES !



SCOOP COMES TO THE SURFACE AND STRIKES OUT AMIDST THE FOAMING WATERS FOR THE ROCKS — — —



BOY ! MADE IT !  
HANG ON TILL I  
GET THERE — — —



SHOOT US A LINE !



BUT AT THAT INSTANT A HUGE WAVE WASHES THEM BOTH INTO THE SEA — — —



THEY COME UP AND CLUTCH AT THE LIFE LINE — — —



O.K. NOW HANG  
ON — WE'RE GOING UP —



GRAB 'EM ! DON'T  
LET 'EM FALL  
BACK — — —

GOOD WORK ! EVERY-  
BODY'S SAFE !



NICE COIN', SCOOP !  
BOY, YOU HAD ME  
WORRIED — I DID  
GET SOME PICTURES  
THOUGH — — —

GOOD, LET'S GET TO  
A TELEPHONE —



# "PEP MORGAN"

BY GENE BAXTER

PEP MORGAN HAS JUST RECOVERED FROM AN OPERATION ON HIS RIGHT ARM WHICH HAD BEEN INJURED PLAYING BALL. FROM THE DOCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW THE OPERATION IS A TECHNICAL MASTERPIECE, BUT PEP FINDS HE HAS A "GLASS ARM"; ONE OF BASEBALL'S GREATEST HANDICAPS! WILL PEP'S BURNING DESIRE TO REACH THE TOP OVERCOME THIS TERRIFIC OBSTACLE?



IN THE PRACTICE TRYOUTS PEP SMASHES HITS CONSISTENTLY AGAINST THE LEFT FIELD FENCE!

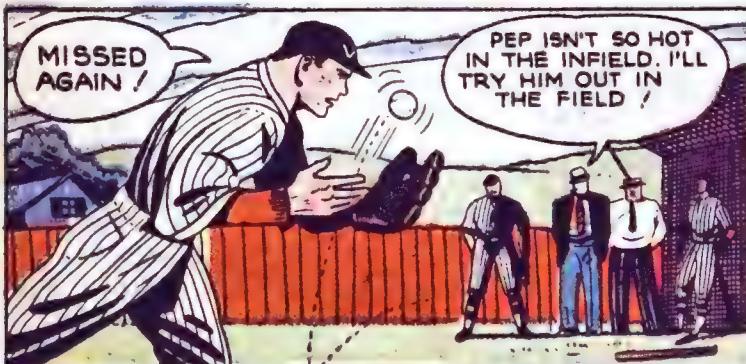


SOME HITTING, PEP! WE CAN USE SLUGGERS LIKE YOU. WHAT'S YOUR POSITION?



MISSSED AGAIN!

PEP ISN'T SO HOT IN THE INFIELD. I'LL TRY HIM OUT IN THE FIELD!

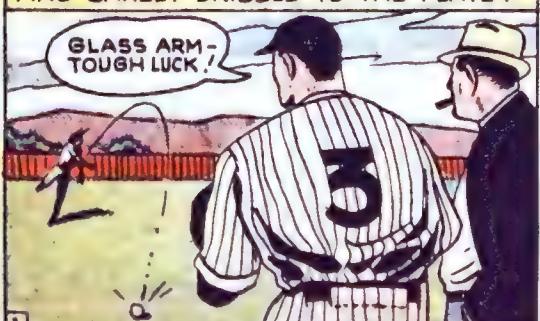


OUT IN THE FIELD PEP PROVES HIMSELF A MASTER AT BALL-HAWKING!



BUT HIS PEGS TO HOME ARE AWKWARD AND BARELY DRIBBLE TO THE PLATE!

GLASS ARM - TOUGH LUCK!

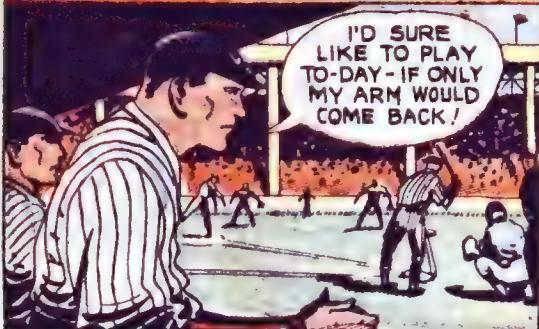


I DON'T KNOW, MORGAN. ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS A PINCH-HITTER'S BERTH - THAT'S YOUR SLUGGIN' ABILITY. WANT IT?

WOULD I? YOU BET! JUST SO LONG AS I CAN STAY IN THE GAME!



WEEKS LATER DURING A MID-SEASON GAME -



PEP REMEMBERS HIS ACCIDENT OF SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.



SUDDENLY HE IS AROUSED FROM HIS DAY-DREAMING.



A HIT! THE BALL SOARS HIGH TO BOUNCE OFF THE LEFT FIELD FENCE AND PEP SCOOPS IT UP!



THE RUNNER, ON HIS WAY TO SECOND BASE, LUNGESES DESPERATELY BACK TO FIRST!



BUT PEP'S THROW IS WEAK AND BARELY REACHES THE SECOND BASEMAN - THE RUNNER EASILY BEATS THE RELAY BACK TO FIRST!



FROM THE STANDS AN OUTRAGED ROAR ASCENDS TO THE SKY -



AFTER THE GAME



OKAY, BOSS, YOU'VE BEEN NOT YET, PEP, I'LL  
SQUARE WITH ME WHEN LET YOU PLAY ONE  
DO I PULL OUT? MORE GAME - ONE  
MORE CHANCE!



IT'S JUST AN EXHIBITION GAME - AND WE'VE GOT  
TO SAVE OUR FIRST STRING MEN FOR  
THE LEAGUE MATCHES!

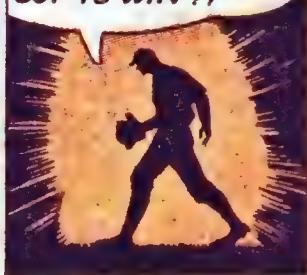


THE MORNING OF THE EXHIBITION GAME PEP STARTS A WORKOUT -

HOPE THIS WARM-UP  
WILL HELP MY ARM!



IF I FAIL TO-DAY AND  
SINK TO SOME SUB-MINOR CIRCUIT.... I'VE  
GOT TO WIN IT!



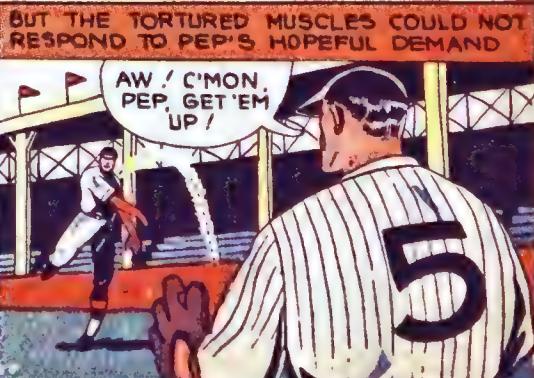
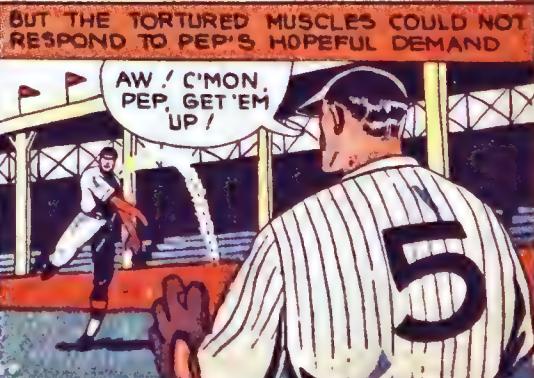
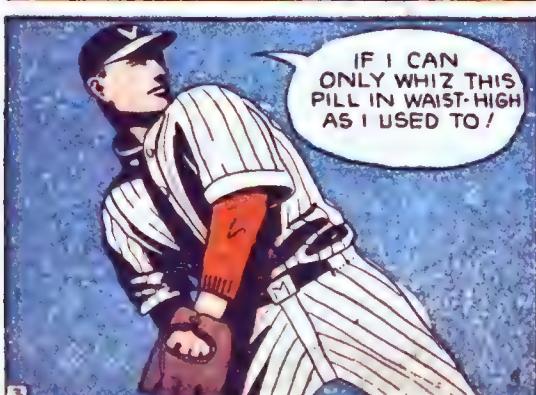
HERE'S A  
HIGH ONE,  
PEP!

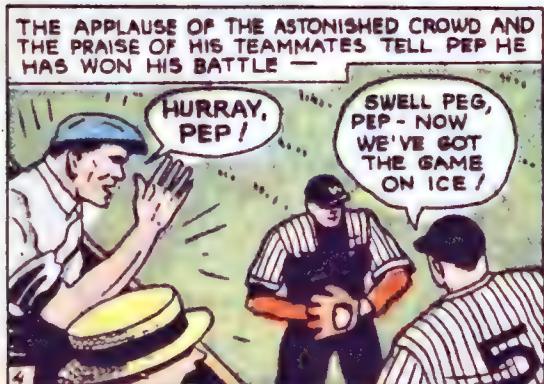
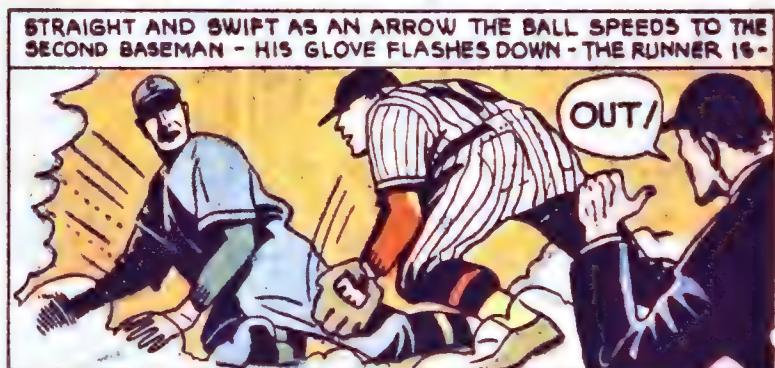
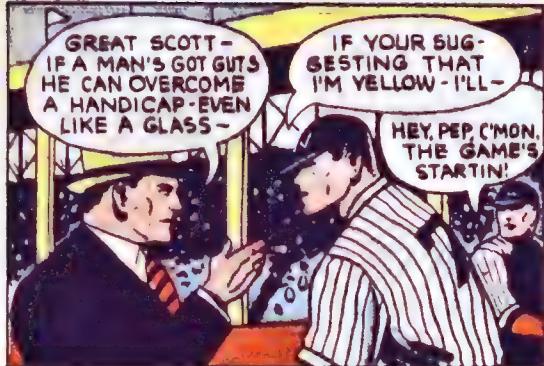


THESE  
FUNGOS ARE  
A CINCH!



IF I CAN  
ONLY WHIZ THIS  
PILL IN WAIST-HIGH  
AS I USED TO!



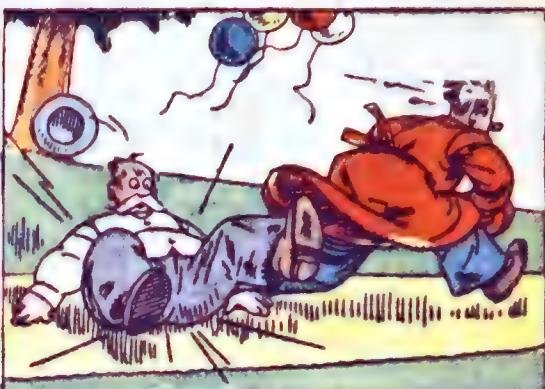


# ELMER THE EEL

BY ALGER









# The ADVENTURES of **MARCO POLO**

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVÉN



'IN COMPLETE PANIC THE BANDITS TURN TO ESCAPE.'



BY THE DARING OF THE POLO'S, THE BANDITS FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP. THEY ATTEMPT TO RETREAT BUT YOUNG MARCO AND THE KULIES, HIGH ABOVE THEM, AGAIN SWING INTO ACTION. TUMBLING MOUNTAINS OF ROCKS ON THEM...



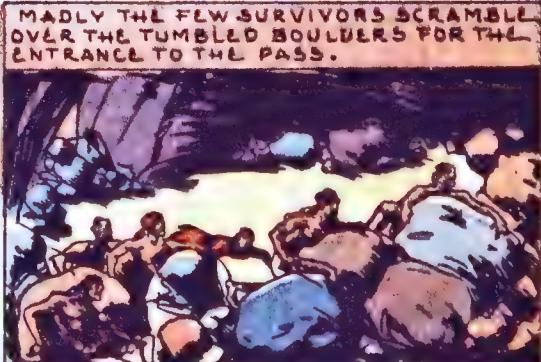
'WHILE DOWN BELOW THE BARRARI ARE BELEIVED WITH TERROR.'



'THERE IS A TERRIBLE TOLL OF MANGLED MEN AND HORSES.'



'MADLY THE FEW SURVIVORS SCRAMBLE OVER THE TUMBLING BOULDERS FOR THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASS.'



BUT WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE OPENING AN ENORMOUS BOULDER COMES TUMBLING DOWN CLOSING UP THE LAST AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



LOOK' NIKE, THERE ARE STILL A FEW NOT DEAD. LET US HAUL THEM UP AND HOLD THEM AS HOSTAGES.

SAHIB MARCO, YOU ARE A GOOD GENERAL.

A ROPE IS LET DOWN TO THE BANDITS.

SAHIB, THEY ARE CRYING FOR MERCY.

SO, THE RATS ARE PIPING A DIFFERENT TUNE NOW.



LOWERED TO THE REST OF THE PARTY THE CAPTIVES ARE AGAIN BOUND. THEN THE KULIES DESCEND.



REACHING THE LEDGE EACH PRISONER IS BOUND SECURELY.

A FALSE MOVE AND YOU WILL ALL BE PITCHED OVER THE LEDGE.



THE LITTLE PARTY WITH THEIR PRISONERS INCH ALONG THE PERILOUS ROCK WALL TO WHERE THE OLDER POLO'S AWAIT THEM BELOW.



AS NIKE NEARS THE GROUND THE ROPE SNAPS, LEAVING MARCO PERCHED HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN LEDGE.



MARCO, MAROONED ON THE CLIFF, SWINGS HIMSELF OVER THE DANGEROUS LEDGE CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THE SHARP ROCK.



FINALLY, CUT AND BLEEDING, HE DROPS INTO THEIR MIDST.



JUBILANTLY THE LITTLE BAND CHEERS MARCO FOR HIS DARING FEAT.



NO, NIKU. IT IS NOT MONEY WE WANT BUT SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH THIS VERY DANGEROUS COUNTRY. COME, WE WILL SPEAK WITH THE PRISONERS. WE HAVE BETTER TERMS TO OFFER.



BELOW THE ONLOOKERS GASP AS THEY SEE HIM STRUGGLE FROM CRAG TO CRAG WITH SCARCE A FINGER HOLD TO CLING TO.



NIKU IS TOLD TO QUESTION THE CAPTIVES.



NIKU TRANSLATES THE TERMS OF THE PRISONERS LIBERATION.

IF WE ARE IN ANY WAY MOLESTED BY YOUR BAND YOUR LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT. BUT IF WE GAIN THE PLATEAU OF IRAN UNHINDERED YOU SHALL BE SET FREE.



ONE OF THE CAPTIVES IS RELEASED AND SENT TO THE TRIBE'S CAMP WITH THE MESSAGE AND THE RING.



AS THEY APPROACH A SECOND MOUNTAIN RANGE THE CAPTIVES WARN OF MEETING WITH THE OGUDU TRIBE, THEIR ENEMY, A FIRE-CLAD AND MURDEROUS TRIBE.



THE YOUNG CHIEF SAY THEY SURE KILL HIM AND YOU TOO. HE KNOW A LITTLE USED TRAIL WHICH MAYBE BRING US THROUGH ALL SAFE.



WE MUST MOVE WITH THE GREATEST CARE. COME, NIKA, CALL THE YOUNG MAN OVER. TOGETHER WE WILL PLAN OUR NEXT STEP.

PERHAPS, FATHER, THIS IS ONLY A RUSE.



HE SAY IF WE WISH TO LIVE HE MUST BE OUR GUIDE.

WE TOO HAVE NO CHOICE. ASSURE HIM IF HE TRIES TO BETRAY US HE IS A DEAD MAN. WE SHALL KEEP HIS COMPANIONS TIED UP.



WITH EVERY MAN ON THE ALERT THE CARAVAN MOVES WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION THROUGH THE MENACING COUNTRY.



THEY STRIKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT WITH EVERY ONE BUT THE PRISONERS TAKING TURN AS SENTRY.

I WONDER IF THERE IS TREACHERY IN THIS?

YES, I TOO AM NOT SURE. THERE MAY BE DEATH LURKING BEHIND EVERY CRAG.





# SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By

Captain Frank Thomas

**SYNOPSIS:** *Bret Coleman and his assistant, Cottonball, on their way to Singapore after a successful trading voyage through the tropical islands of the South Seas, happens to rescue one Samuel Newton. The saved man tells Bret Coleman the horrible details of the native uprising that had taken place the previous night. He relates further that the blood-thirsty natives had killed his housekeeper and kidnaped his daughter, Merna. Newton appeals to Coleman for assistance and Bret promises to do his utmost to help free the elderly man's daughter.*

THE silver crescent of the moon rode higher in the heavens and the molten waters lapped softly alongside the anchored

*Aruba.* Fifty yards away the shore of the islands was faintly silhouetted against the star-speckled sky.

All was serene and quiet and Bret Coleman found it difficult to believe that only the night before the natives had suddenly overrun the island, leaving in their wake smouldering ruins and bloodshed. Nevertheless, it was all too true and Samuel Newton, who was now resting down in the cabin, bore witness to this fact.

Bret sat on the railing looking landward and by his feet squatted Cottonball. Neither one spoke but both were listening intently for something they were certain they would hear. And then above the sound of the surf breaking on the shore it came . . . *the muffled and distant beat of tom-toms!*

"There they are," said Bret. "That means those bloodthirsty natives have started another one of their murderous parties!"

"Yo done spoke de truth, Cap'n Bret," replied Cottonball, and Coleman thought he detected the chattering of the negro's teeth. "When dose boys has parties dey shoo' do get nasty!"

"They're brutal savages and to think they have Newton's daughter!" Coleman clenched his fist and the lines around his mouth hardened. "Those drums will tell us where they are, so let's get moving, Cottonball."

"Yas suh," answered the negro, jumping to his feet.

Coleman lead the way down into the cabin. They passed the couch upon which the elderly trader and missionary was now sound asleep.

and opened the small door leading to the forward hold. Bret dug his arms into an oblong box and pulled out several long objects that resembled Roman candles. He took a dozen or more and piled them into the arms of Cottonball.

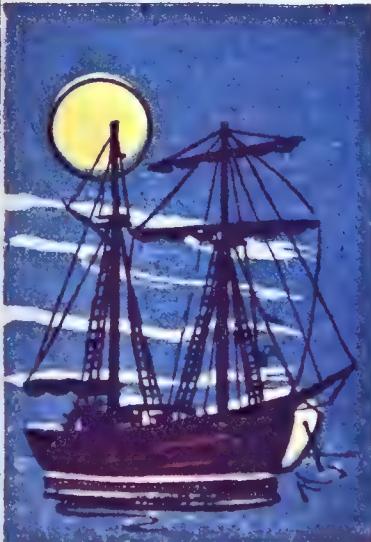
"What yo' all gonna do wif dese flares, Cap'n Bret?" asked the puzzled assistant.

"Plenty," replied Coleman, grimly. "Just hang onto them and follow me."

They tip-toed back passed Newton and up onto the deck. Coleman swung the dory over the rail and lowered it. When it struck the water, he released the rope and then he and Cottonball leaped in. Quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping Newton, they dipped the oars into the water. Five minutes later the bottom of the boat scraped the sandy shore.

Bret and Cottonball pulled the dory up and made it fast to the trunk of a small palm. They walked along the beach for some distance and then halted. Once again rolled the echoing beats of the drums, this time seemingly nearer.

"They came from that direction," said Coleman, pointing toward the black interior of the island. They turned abruptly and headed into the thick underbrush, Bret leading the way. They cut and hacked a passage through the snarled vines and wild grass and with every step the sound of the tom-toms grew louder and clearer. Finally Bret halted and above the pounding of the drums they could hear the shouting and screeching of many voices. The tumult was



savage and blood-chilling and Bret guessed the reason.

PEERING through the folds of a thickly-leaved bush, Coleman and his assistant gazed into a large clearing. The place was brilliantly lighted by numerous bonfires and at the far end was a huge, wooden statue of a god. A small dais and a crudely fashioned altar had been built directly in front of the heathen deity and on the platform stood a group of the more colorfully costumed savages, evidently the priests and the witch-doctors.

"Seems as if we're just in time, Cottonball," whispered Bret. "Take a look at the altar!"

Cottonball did and whistled

bewilderment.

Bret crawled forward and reached the base of the statue. He thanked his lucky stars that it had been erected at the edge of the clearing and not in the center, for the deep shadows hid him from the natives. Cottonball followed close behind.

The back of the statue was roughly carved and Bret had little difficulty in climbing it. He only feared that one of the savages would detect him. He halted his movement near the peak of the edifice and extended his hand down to Cottonball beneath him. The negro held up several of the flares and Bret, taking them, placed them in various small niches in the expansive back of the god. He

Bret lost no time. Swiftly he leaped down from his perch and dashing to the altar in front of the statue, severed Merna Newton's bonds. The amazed expression on the girl's face changed to one of relief and she hurriedly followed Bret as he lead her from the dais.

They met Cottonball and together the three made off into the blackness of the underbrush.

"We'll have to step on it!" said Bret. "Those flares'll only last another minute or so!"

They came out on the beach and raced along the sands to where the dory was tied. Cottonball cut the rope and shoved the small boat into the surf. Breathless minutes later they pulled alongside the anchored *Aruba* and in no time,



softly. For bound hand and foot on the wooden structure was a white girl, Merna Newton!

Coleman motioned his negro assistant to follow and started creeping to the left. Many minutes later they had encircled the clearing and now found themselves behind the enormous statue of the god

The screams and shouting of the natives had become increasingly louder and Coleman saw that most of them were gathered in front of the altar, brandishing knives and spears. There was no mistaking the purpose of the whole ritual. Merna Newton was to be sacrificed to their pagan god!

"Hand me those flares when I get to the top," directed Coleman and Cottonball's eyes widened in

continued this process till all the flares had been used save two or three.

"Get ready for the fireworks, old boy!" he whispered down to his assistant. He struck a match and applied it to the wicks of the flares.

TO this day the natives possibly never realized exactly what happened, but the next moment their wooden god became enveloped in a mass of spitting flame and smoke. Balls of fire shot from his back in every direction and the natives, believing this fiery demonstration to be a supernatural omen, dropped their weapons and sank to the ground, burying their faces in the earth.

Bret and Cottonball had the small schooner pointing her nose to the west, her white sails arched in the steady trade winds.

When the elderly Newton awoke several hours later, his daughter was by his side. Tears of joy streamed down his face and he clasped Merna to his bosom.

Up on deck Bret lit his pipe. The moon had traveled its full course and now slowly disappeared into the silvery waters.

"Don't forget to order another box of flares when we reach port, Cottonball," he said. "You can never tell when those things will come in handy."

"Yas suh," replied the negro. "Yo' sho am right!"

THE END

# TEX THOMSON

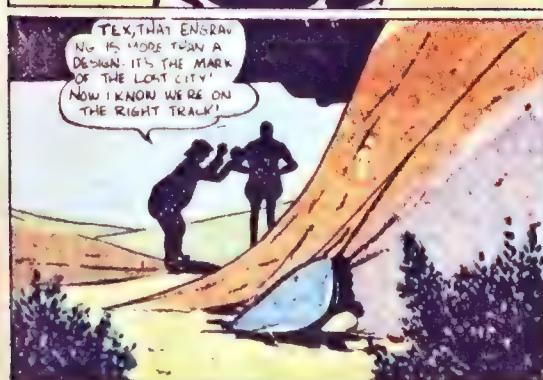
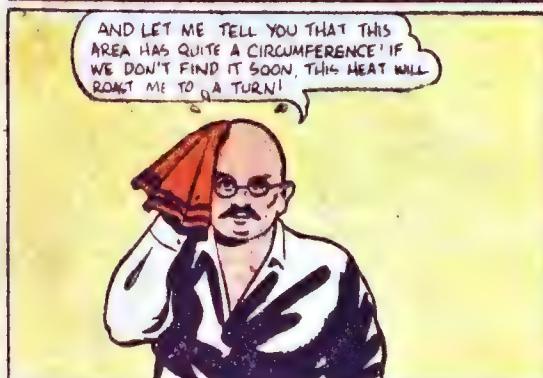
BY BERNARD BAILY

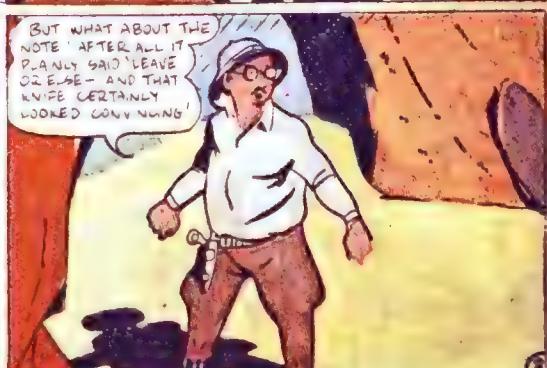
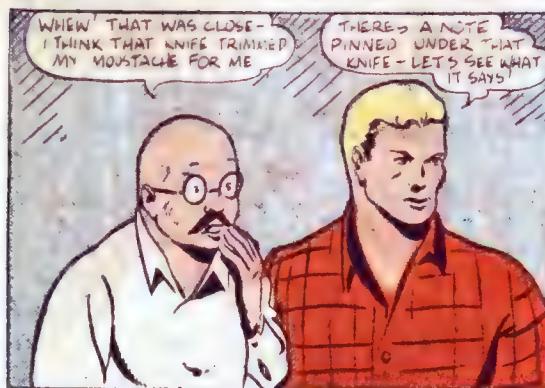
## Legend...

IN HIS SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE, TEX THOMSON MEETS AND BEFRIENDS A FELLOW ADVENTURER, BOB DALEY. HAVING HEARD MANY STORIES ABOUT A MYTHICAL CITY THAT WAS CLOSED TO THE WORLD DURING A VOLCANIC ERUPTION, TEX AND BOB DECIDE TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH ON THE SUBJECT OF THE "SEALED CITY".

AFTER MANY DAYS OF READING AND CHECKING ON THE STORY THEY BECOME CONVINCED OF ITS AUTHENTICITY. THE SCENT OF ADVENTURE IN THE AIR, TEX FORMS AN EXPEDITION, AND AFTER DAYS OF GATHERING SUPPLIES AND MEN THEY FINALLY SAIL!

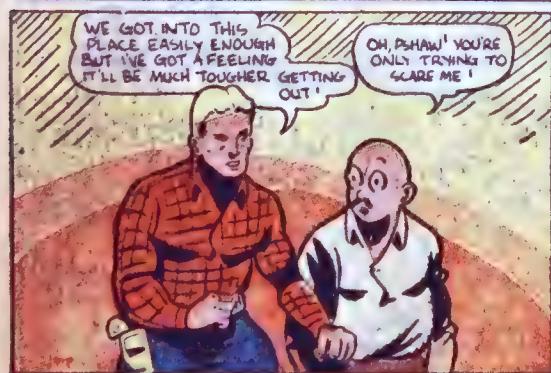
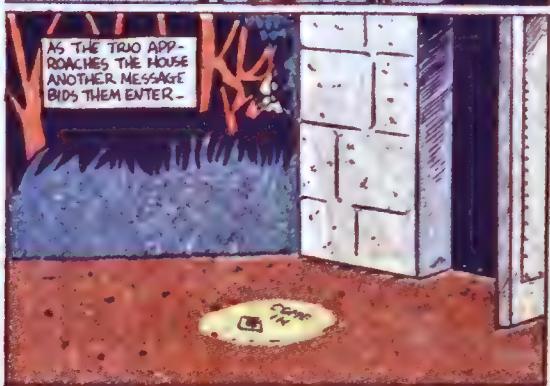
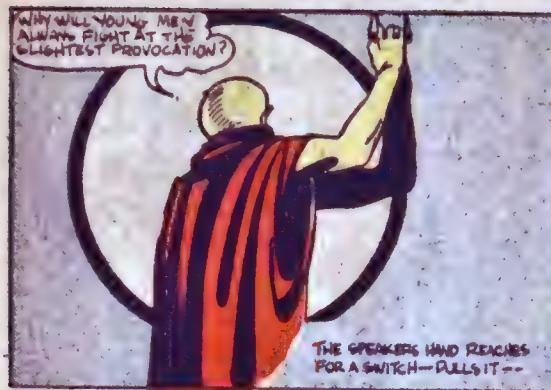
CERTAIN THAT THE ENTRANCE TO THE "SEALED CITY" IS SOMEWHERE IN THE VOLCANIC AREA OF YUKATANA, WE FIND TEX AND HIS PARTY HEADED FOR THAT UNKNOWN REGION. THEN, AFTER MANY MILES OF TRAVEL THEY ARE PUT ASHORE. THE NATIVES ARE LEFT TO MAKE CAMP AND TEX AND BOB DECIDE TO SCOUT AROUND AND TRY TO DETERMINE THEIR BEARINGS. OUR STORY OPENS AT THIS POINT....

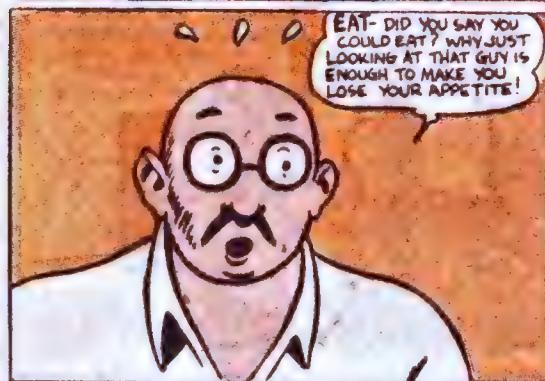
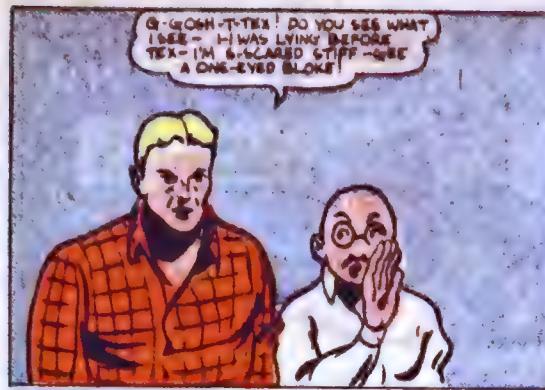










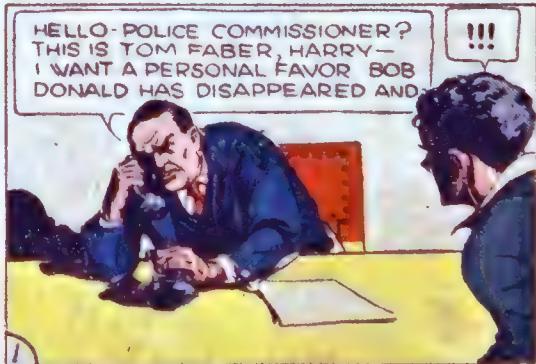
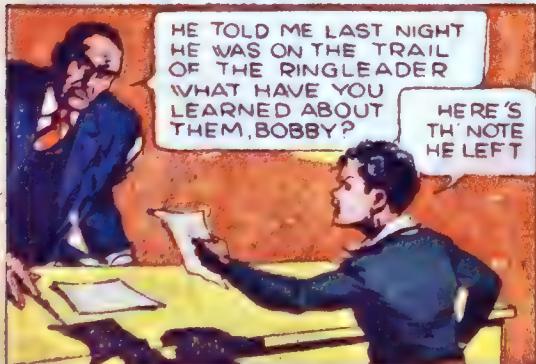


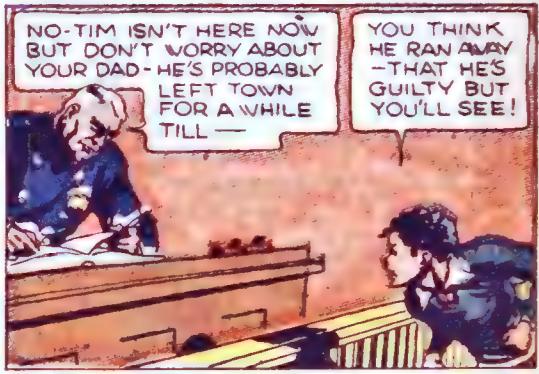
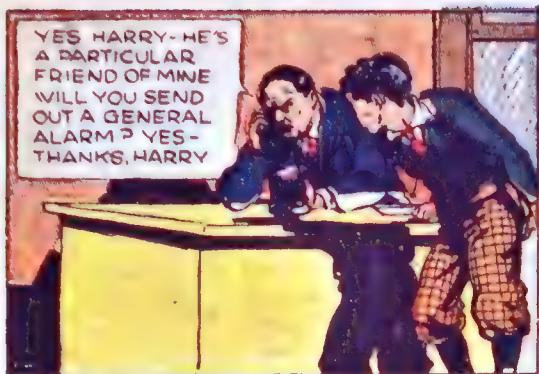
# INSPECTOR DONALD AND BOBBY

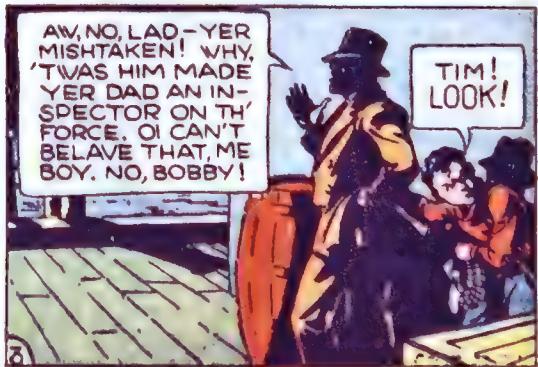
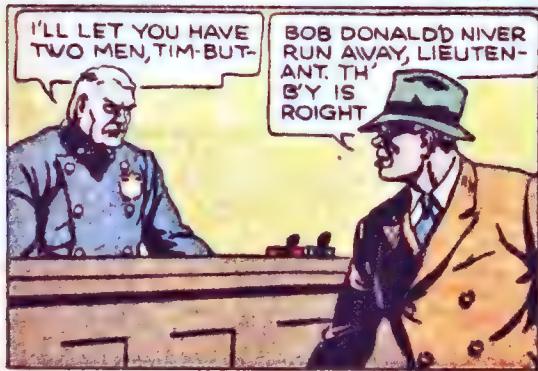
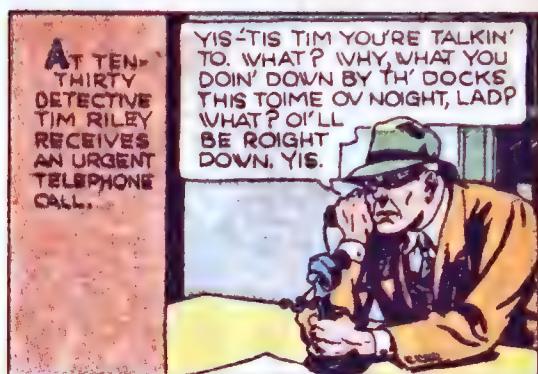
DAD DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT

Dear Son.  
In case I am  
not here when you  
awake notify my  
friend Tom Faber,  
at City Hall.  
Love  
Dad.

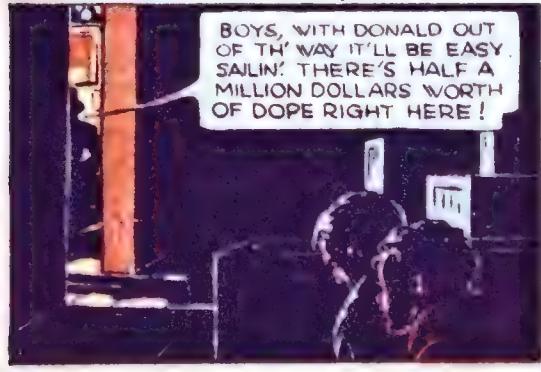
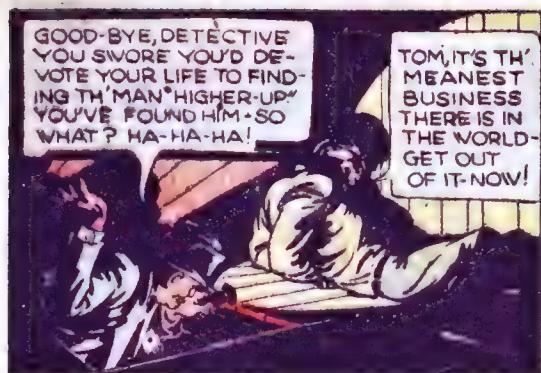
HE MUST BE IN A JAM.  
HE SAID HE WAS GOING  
TO VINDICATE HIMSELF  
LAST NIGHT.

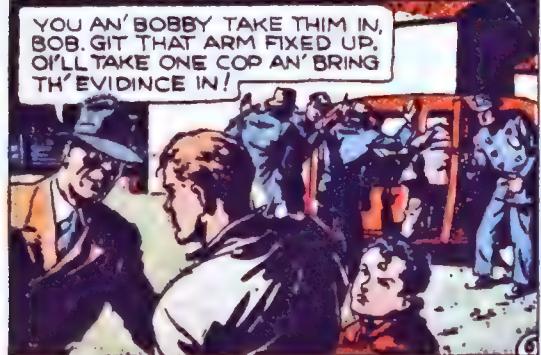












# "CHUCK DAWSON"

BY  
H. FLEMING



CHUCK DAWSON IS FELLED BY A BULLET IN A SIDEWALK ENCOUNTER, WITH TRIGGER AND BUTCH, HI RELINGS OF JOHN BURWELL, THE OWNER OF THE 4-G RANCH - WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL BEHIND THE SHERIFFS OFFICE ....

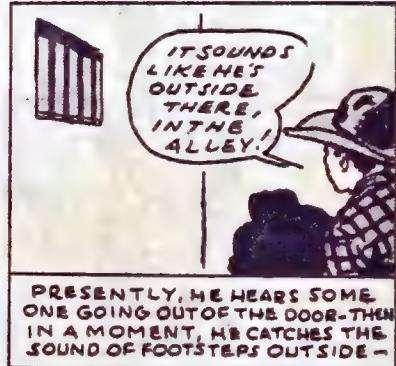
CALLING THE KEEPER TO THE BARS, HE OVERPOWERS HIM AND ESCAPES FROM THE CELL.

CHUCK IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BUILDING WHEN HE HEARS SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE OUTER OFFICE ....

TENSELY WAITING FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN, CHUCK GRIPS AGUN IN EACH HAND, READY TO BLAST HIS WAY PAST ANYONE TRYING TO STOP HIM!



I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

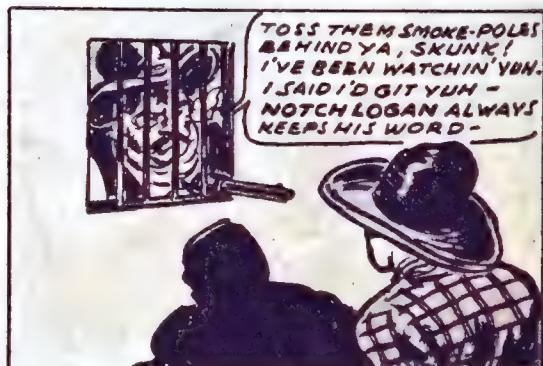


IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S OUTSIDE THERE, IN THE ALLEY!

PRESENTLY, HE HEARS SOMEONE GOING OUT OF THE DOOR-THEN IN A MOMENT, HE CATCHES THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE -



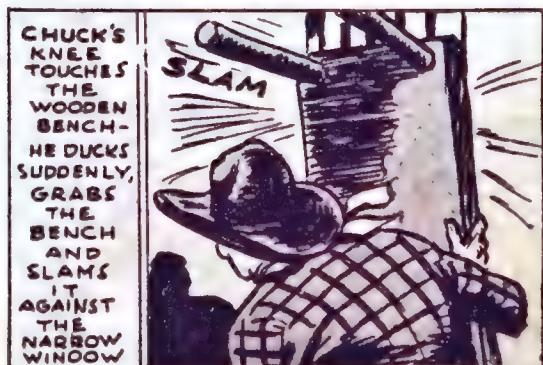
WONDER IF I CAN SEE ANYTHING OUT OF THAT LITTLE WINDOW



TOSSED THEM SMOKE-POLES BEHIND YA, SKUNK! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YUN. I SAID I'D GIT YUH - NOTCH LOGAN ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD -



NOW THEN, LIFT 'EM HIGH AN' SAY YORE PRAYERS!



CHUCK'S KNEE TOUCHES THE WOODEN BENCH- HE DUCKS SUDDENLY, GRABS THE BENCH AND SLAMS IT AGAINST THE NARROW WINDOW

SLAM

THE BENCH BLOCKING LOGAN'S AIM  
FOR A FRACTION OF A MINUTE,  
CHUCK DIVES FOR THE DOOR,  
SNATCHING UP A GUN ON THE WAY —



SENSING CHUCK'S PURPOSE,  
NOTCH LOGAN JUMPS  
FROM THE KEG  
HE HAS BEEN  
STANDING ON  
AND DASHES  
TO THE END OF  
THE ALLEY-WAY



FROM THE ALLEY NOTCH LOGAN REACHES THE CORNER AS CHUCK DASHES OUT OF THE DOOR —



CHUCK'S KEEN EYES CATCH A GLINT OF SUNLIGHT ON THE BARREL OF LOGAN'S GUN — HE DIVES BEHIND A PACKING CASE A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE THE CRASH OF THE SHOT

FROM HIS POSITION BEHIND THE BOX CHUCK CAN HEAR THE RUSH OF FEET AS MEN RUN TO COVER AT THE SOUND OF GUN PLAY —



INSTANTLY, CHUCK'S HAT SAILS IN THE AIR, BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE CRACK OF LOGAN'S GUN, CHUCK SENDS A BULLET CRASHING AT A BLUR BEHIND THE CASK.

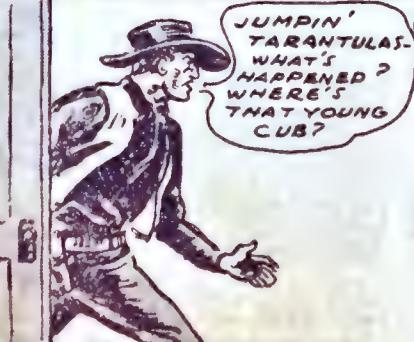
CHUCK HEARS A LOUD GROAN AS HIS BULLET DRIVES HOME - LEAPING TO HIS FEET HE RUNS ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING -

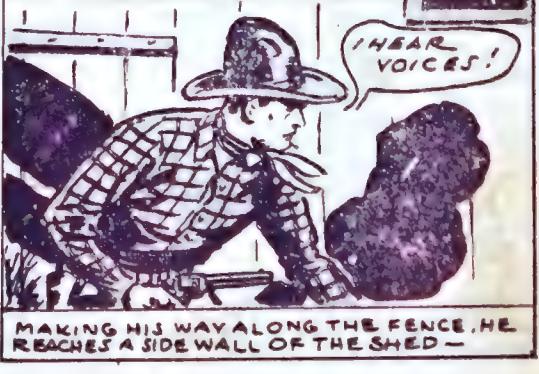
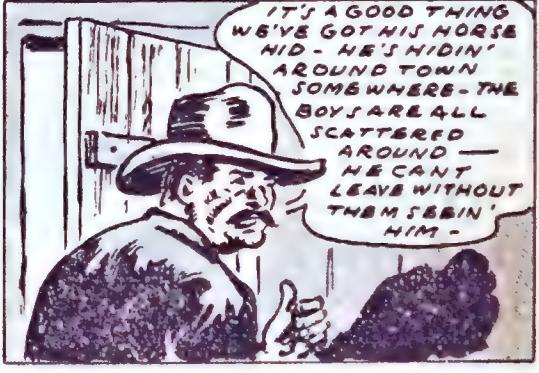
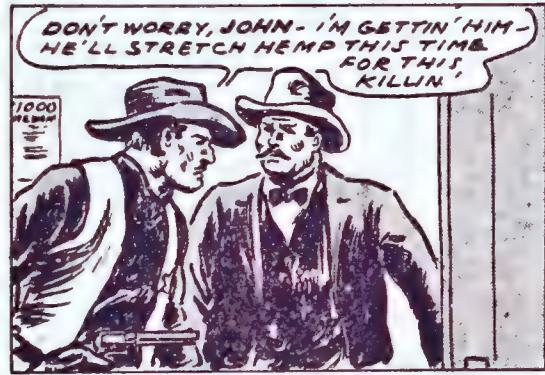


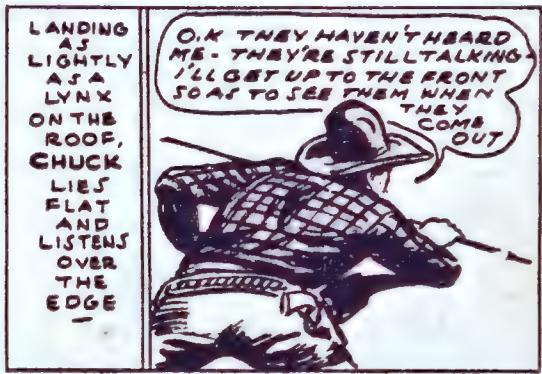
TRIGGER STANDS WITH HIS BACK TO CHUCK AS HE ADVANCES - SUDDENLY HE WHIRLS AROUND AS HE HEARS CHUCK'S FOOT-STEPs



MEAN WHILE WHEN THE SHERIFF HEARS THE SHOOTING, HE RUNS TO THE JAIL TO FIND CHUCK GONE AND THE DEPUTY TIED







CHUCK LANDS ON HIS SHOULDERS. THE FALL BROKEN BY THICKLY MATTED GRASS — STUNNED FOR A MOMENT, HE LIES MOTIONLESS WITH EYES CLOSED



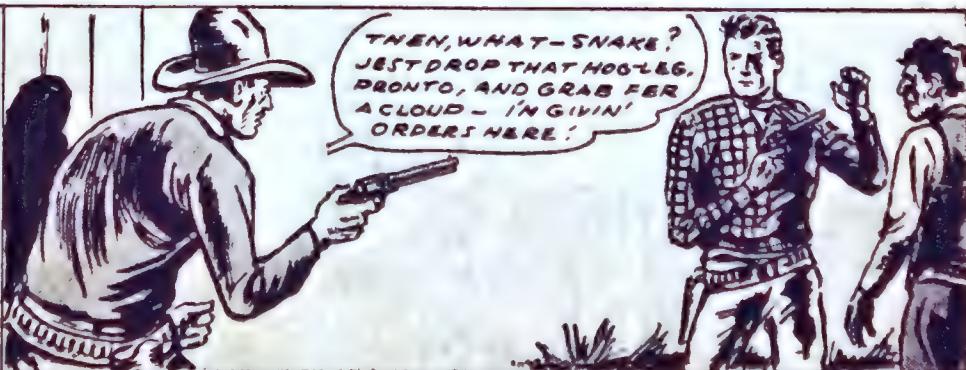
WITH A SUDDEN TWIST OF HIS BODY CHUCK ROLLS OVER, DRAWS UP HIS KNEES AND DRIVES HIS FEET AT BUTCH'S CHIN.



THEN, SUDDENLY, THROUGH HALF-OPENED LIDS, HE SEES THE BULKY FORM OF BUTCH BENDING OVER HIM —



MEAN WHILE HEARING THE REPORT OF BUTCH'S GUN, TRIGGER SEEKS CHUCK AND CREEPS UP FROM BEHIND



CONTINUED

# ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

AND THE

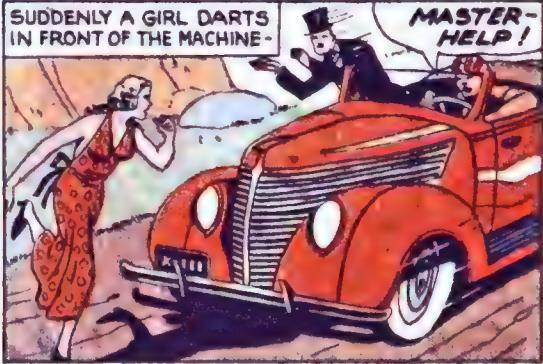
## HAUNTED FARM

— BY FRED GUARDINEER

ZATARA IS ON HIS TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES AND TRAVELS CROSS COUNTRY IN HIS CAR.



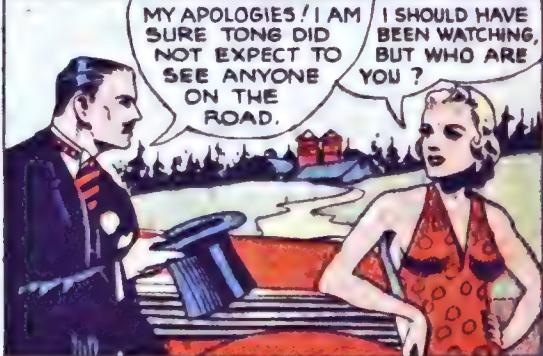
SUDDENLY A GIRL DARTS IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE-



ZATARA GESTURES AND THE GIRL IS SUSPENDED IN THE AIR -



MY APOLOGIES! I AM SURE TONG DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ANYONE ON THE ROAD.



I AM ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN. MAY WE ESCORT YOU HOME?



I AM MISS HENDRIX. I'M STAYING WITH MY FATHER AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN. HE WENT OUT TO SEE A FARM THIS AFTERNOON AND LEFT ME ALONE -





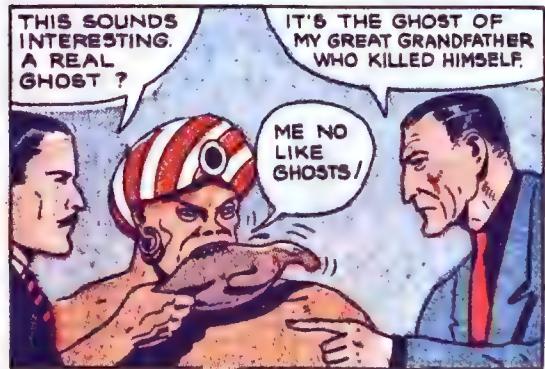
SOMETIMES I AM GIVEN TO  
QUEER FEELINGS. I HAVE  
A FEELING NOW THAT WE SHALL  
SEE MORE OF EACHOTHER IN  
THE NEAR FUTURE !

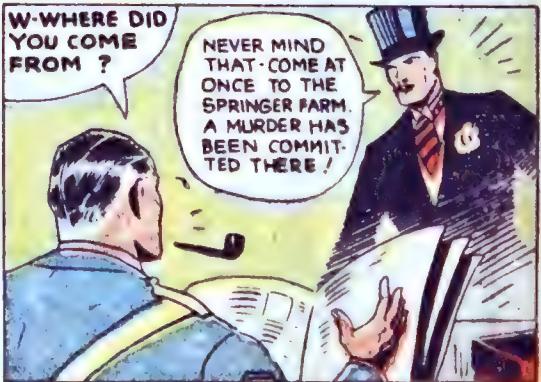
MEANWHILE AT A NEARBY FARM -

SO YOU'VE KEPT YOUR  
SECRET WELL HIDDEN,  
ADAM. I'M NOT  
A BIT SUR-  
PRISED THOUGH.  
YOU ALWAYS  
WERE THE  
MEAN  
SORT !

NOW, JIM,  
DON'T GET  
EXCITED !

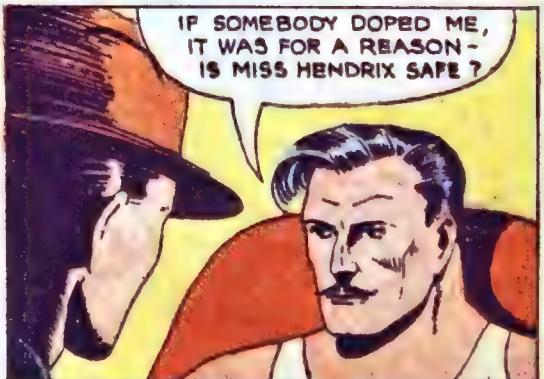
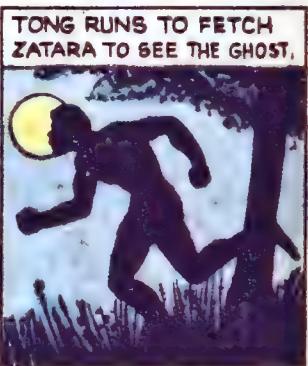




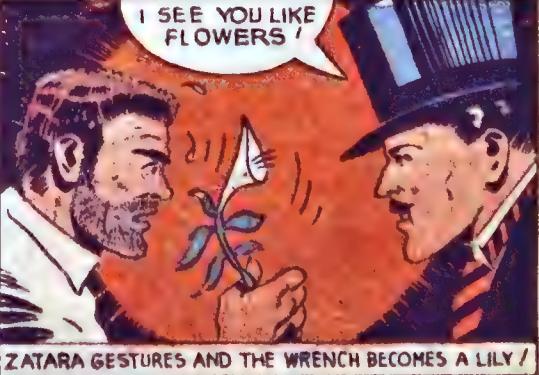
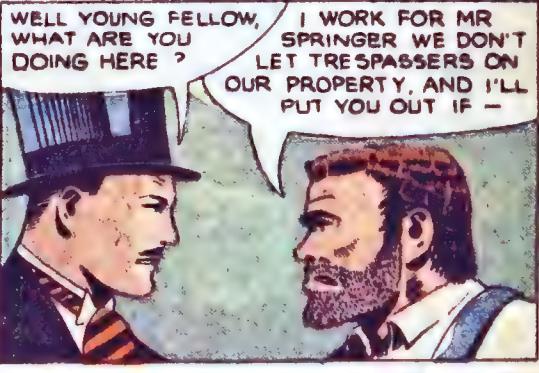
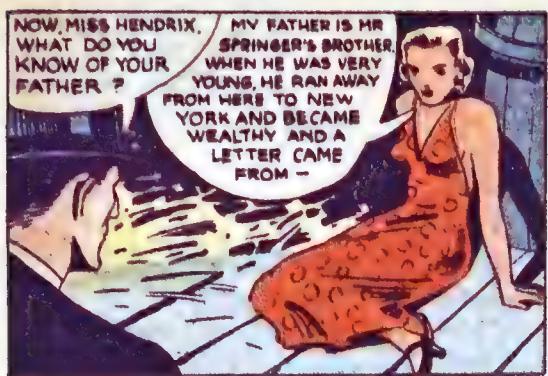












AND THE LILY CHANGES TO A HUGE BOUQUET!

HEY, WHAT  
IS THIS ?

OR PERHAPS - ?

HELP, I'M  
CRAZY !

UOY BRA  
A  
REWOLFNUIS!

THE FARM HAND TURNS INTO A SUNFLOWER !!

NOW YOU MAY GO ON,  
MISS HENDRIX !

MY FATHER RECEIVED A LETTER FROM  
HIS BROTHER, MR. SPRINGER, THAT THE  
FARM WHICH WAS LEFT TO MY FATHER  
WAS HAUNTED, AND WOULD MY  
FATHER PLEASE SELL IT ? MR.  
SPRINGER WANTS TO BUY IT  
FOR SOME REASON !

SPRINGER LIED TO ME. HE  
SAID HE OWNED THE FARM  
PERHAPS HE WANTED A  
WITNESS WHEN HE FOUND  
THE BODY !



SO WE CAME OUT HERE, AND  
MR. SPRINGER TOOK MY  
FATHER OUT TO SEE THE  
FARM THIS AFTERNOON  
AND HE NEVER CAME BACK !

THE GROUP IS SUDDENLY ATTACKED FROM BEHIND BY A GANG OF THUGS !



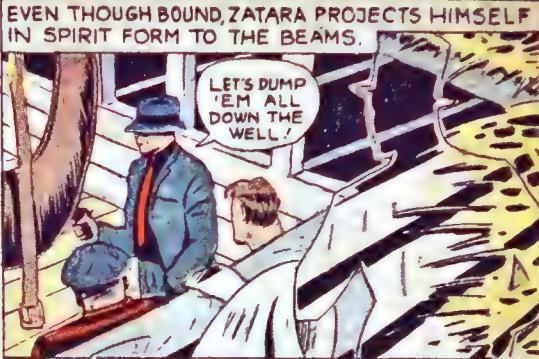
GUESS THIS WILL  
STOP THOSE TRICKS  
OF HIS !

YOU'LL BE  
BEHIND  
BARS  
FOR THIS,  
SPRINGER !





I THINK NOT THERE'S  
A NICE BIG WELL ON  
THIS PLACE, AND IF I  
DROP YOU ALL DOWN  
THERE, AND COVER IT  
UP WITH CEMENT,  
NO ONE WILL  
EVER  
KNOW!



EVEN THOUGH BOUND, ZATARA PROJECTS HIMSELF  
IN SPIRIT FORM TO THE BEAMS.



ZATARA'S SPIRIT DONS ITSELF IN A WHITE SHEET



ATTIRED AS A GHOST, THE APPARITION BEGINS  
A MELANCHOLY WAIL!



IT'S  
A REAL  
GHOST!

WHOO!



BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE SPIRIT OF  
ZATARA!

HEH-H-H!  
WHEE!



AS THE MEN STAMPEDE FROM THE BARN, TONG  
BURSTS HIS BONDS!

M-M-ME  
BREAK 'UM!

GOOD  
WORK,  
TONG!

YOU SCARE ME,  
MASTER, ACTING  
LIKE GHOST!



THAT'S NOTHING  
TO WHAT THOSE  
MEN ARE GOING  
TO GET —  
WATCH!

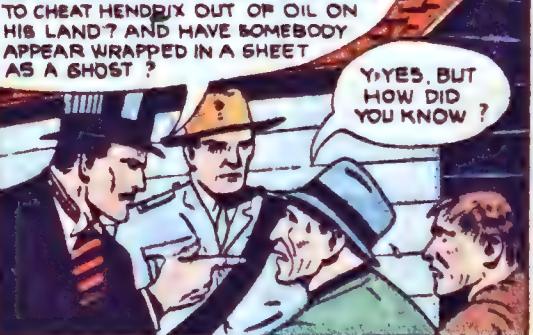


ZATARA GESTURES AND SIGNALS FOR THE  
GHOULS AND EVIL SPIRITS TO COME FORTH FROM  
HIDING AND VENT THEIR RAGE ON SPRINGER'S GANG!

THE DEMONS OF THE NIGHT ASSAILED SPRINGER AND HIS TERRIFIED MOB —

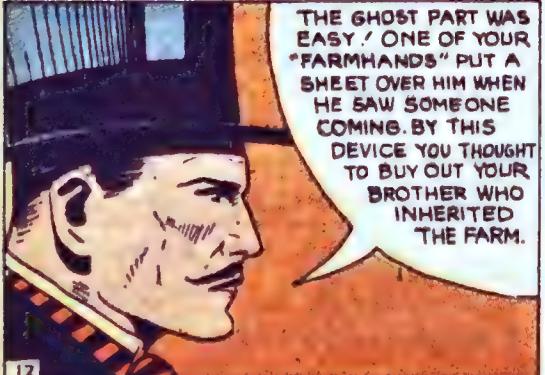


THE MEN START RUNNING BACK TOWARD ZATARA.

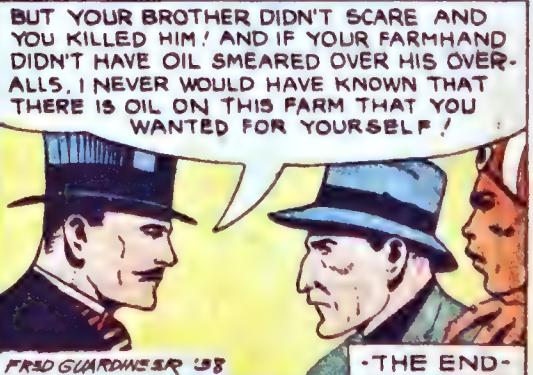


NOW, SPRINGER, DIDN'T YOU CONSPIRE  
TO CHEAT HENDRICKS OUT OF OIL ON  
HIS LAND? AND HAVE SOMEBODY  
APPEAR WRAPPED IN A SHEET  
AS A GHOST?

YES, BUT  
HOW DID  
YOU KNOW?



THE GHOST PART WAS  
EASY! ONE OF YOUR  
FARMHANDS PUT A  
SHEET OVER HIM WHEN  
HE SAW SOMEONE  
COMING. BY THIS  
DEVICE YOU THOUGHT  
TO BUY OUT YOUR  
BROTHER WHO  
INHERITED  
THE FARM.



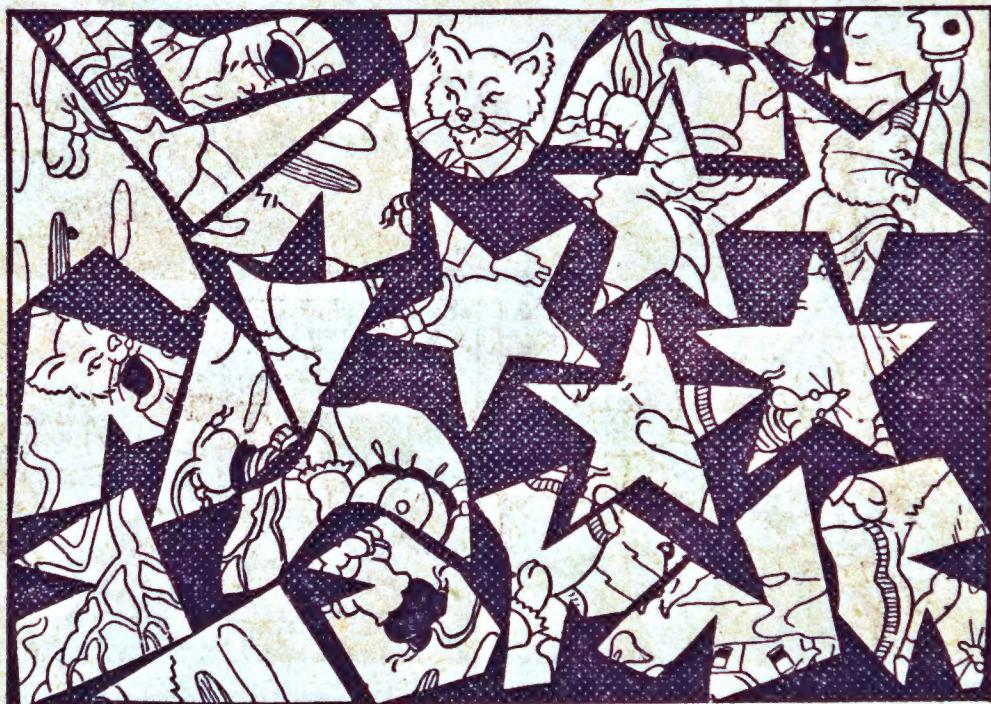
BUT YOUR BROTHER DIDN'T SCARE AND  
YOU KILLED HIM! AND IF YOUR FARMHAND  
DIDN'T HAVE OIL SMEARED OVER HIS OVER-  
ALLS, I NEVER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT  
THERE IS OIL ON THIS FARM THAT YOU  
WANTED FOR YOURSELF!

\$\$\$

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

**\$25 CASH  
PRIZES!**

SIMPLY CUT OUT THE  
22 PIECES BELOW AND FIT  
THEM ALL TOGETHER TO  
MAKE A CERTAIN PICTURE . . .  
PASTE THEM ON A PIECE OF PAPER  
OR CARDBOARD AND THEN COLOR  
THE ENTIRE DRAWING . . . FOR THE BEST  
25 PICTURES SENT IN WE'LL GIVE A PRIZE  
OF A DOLLAR EACH!



**COUPON**

NAME.....

STREET NO. ....

CITY.....

STATE.....

Print Your Name Clearly in the Coupon  
in the Lower Left Hand Corner Cut  
Out the Coupon and Mail it with Your  
Drawing to:

**ACTION COMICS CONTEST**

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

*All Entries Must Be in by Tuesday,  
July 5th, 1938*

# PLAY BALL



'LEFTY' VERNON GOMEZ

MAY BE A NERVOUS AND JUMPY PERSON, BUT WHEN HE'S ON THE MOUND HE BECOMES COOL AND STEADY.

THE FIRST SIGNS OF AN ACE BASEBALL PITCHER !!



THE PITCHER IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF A TEAM. IF YOU PITCH FOR YOUR CLUB REMEMBER THIS - CONDITION IS ESSENTIAL - A FELLOW CANNOT HOPE TO HAVE SPEED AND STAMINA WITHOUT PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD AND REST - ALSO EXERCISES TO STRENGTHEN YOUR SHOULDER AND WRIST SHOULD BE DONE ALL WINTER - THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT -

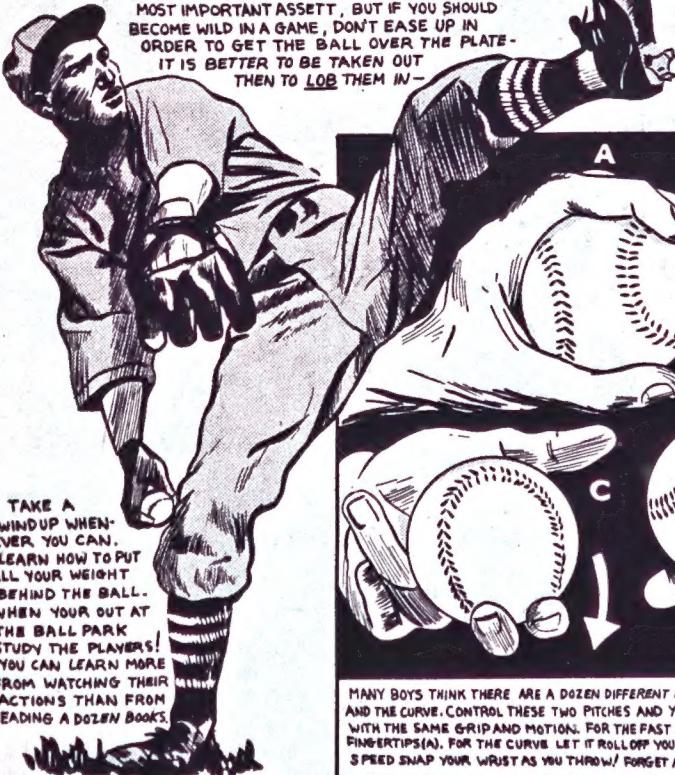
TOO MANY PITCHERS FORGET THAT THEIR ARE 7 MEN BEHIND THEM AND TRY TO STRIKE OUT EVERY BATTER - MAKE THEM POP UP AND GROUND OUT - CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH BY USING YOUR HEAD

HERE'S ONE BULL'S EYE YOU SHOULD NEVER AIM FOR.. PITCH TO THE CORNERS AND DON'T GROOVE THE BALL. THEY SAY YOU CAN TELL A PITCHER IS LOSING HIS STUFF WHEN HE STARTS THROWING HIGH

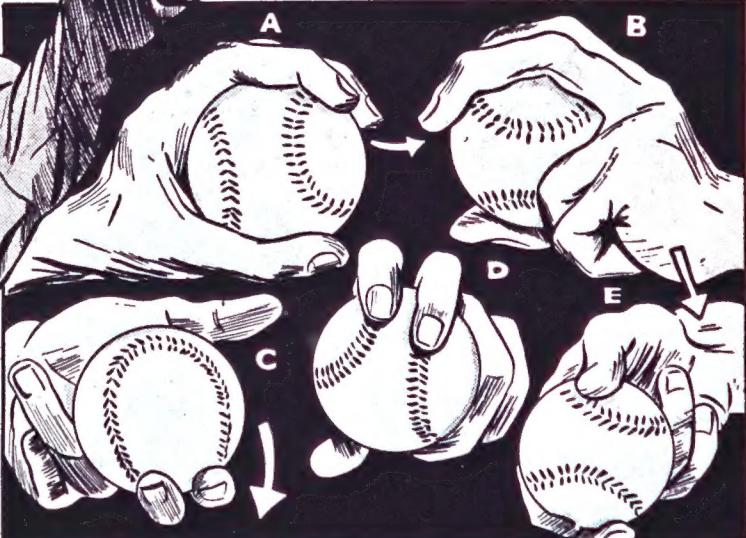


SHELDON MOLDOFF

CONTROL NATURALLY, IS THE PITCHER'S MOST IMPORTANT ASSETT, BUT IF YOU SHOULD BECOME WILD IN A GAME, DON'T EASE UP IN ORDER TO GET THE BALL OVER THE PLATE - IT IS BETTER TO BE TAKEN OUT THEN TO LOB THEM IN -



TAKE A WIND UP WHEN EVER YOU CAN. LEARN HOW TO PUT ALL YOUR WEIGHT BEHIND THE BALL. WHEN YOU'RE OUT AT THE BALL PARK STUDY THE PLAYERS! YOU CAN LEARN MORE FROM WATCHING THEIR ACTIONS THAN FROM READING A DOZEN BOOKS.



MANY BOYS THINK THERE ARE A DOZEN DIFFERENT PITCHES. REALLY THERE ARE BUT TWO. THE STRAIGHT FAST BALL AND THE CURVE. CONTROL THESE TWO PITCHES AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH. TRY AND THROW EACH PITCH WITH THE SAME GRIP AND MOTION. FOR THE FAST BALL HOLD THE BASE BALL LOOSELY AND LET IT ROLL OFF YOUR FINGERTIPS (A). FOR THE CURVE, LET IT ROLL OFF YOUR FINGERS (C) AND SNAP YOUR WRIST (E). IF YOU WANT MORE SPEED SNAP YOUR WRIST AS YOU THROW! FORGET ABOUT SINKERS AND FORK BALLS. MASTER THESE TWO PITCHES!

## BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Vallee."

### World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club afair, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate. Price Only 25c

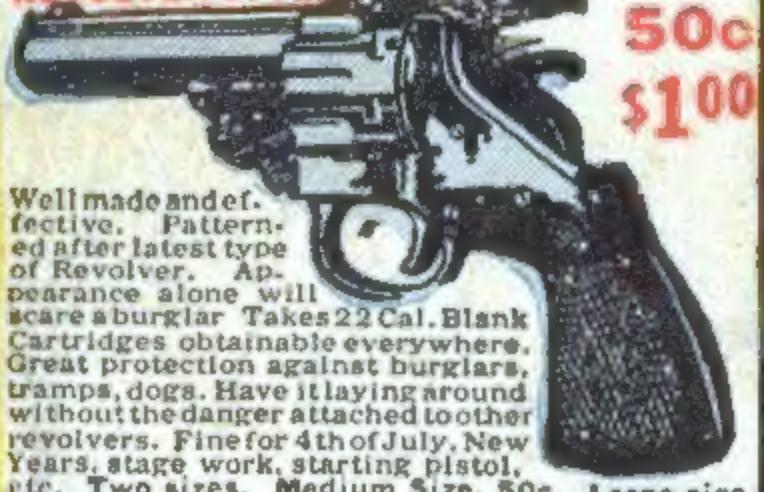


### DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Broadcasts radio singing, broadcast your own programs etc. through your own radio. Reproduces voice in loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model can be held in hand. Guaranteed. Price Postpaid \$1.00

## BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

REVOLVER STYLE



50c  
\$1.00

Well-made and effective. Patterned after latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone will scare burglar. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Great protection against burglar, traps, dogs. Have it laying around without the danger attached to other revolvers. Fine for 4th of July, New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc. Two sizes, Medium Size, 50c. Large size (cowboy type) 50c. Shipped Express. Collect.

## MIDGET POCKET RADIO \$1.00

Listen to Music and Sports Everywhere You Go

This amazing midget pocket radio brings in programs within 25 miles of broadcasting station. In some more distant favorable locations in the country, in bed, at camp, office, etc., etc. ANY WHERE and EVERYWHERE. Merely connect an aerial and ground wire, attach single or double phone and turn on. No expense to operate. No static or noise. No batteries, moving dial to locate stations. Price \$1.00



DELUXE MODEL  
PRICE \$1.95  
Built-in phone, 1 unit. Operates like standard model. \$1.95

## Radio & Television Book



How to build inexpensive crystal sets, electric radio, short wave radio, hints on building television set. With television set, you can SEE and HEAR reception. Price 10c

## VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE \$1



Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies & Divides

Here is a new pocket type of calculator that enables you to add, subtract, multiply and divide in a jiffy. Does the work of a costly machine. Simple and accurate. No keys to punch, no lever to pull. Total always visible. Durable. Fits in pocket. Never in the way, but always ready for use. Strongly made. Adds up to 10,000,000. With automatic pencil. 2 1/2" x 4". Price \$1.00

Deluxe Model \$1.50

## TELEPHONES 15c PAIR



No Batteries

These are pocket phones which carries the voice perfectly for distances from 50 to 100 feet, yet they don't need a battery. Use any battery on electricity—just the one connection. Talk from one room to another, from workshop to office, etc. Both are receiver and speaker. Set complete with two phones, transmission cord and instructions. Price Per Set Only 15c

## Hi-Powered Air Pistols for Target Practice and Small Game



HITS HARD

A powerful high grade Air Pistol shaped like an ordinary pistol size. Fires B.B. shot obtainable anywhere.

Very powerful yet perfectly safe for boys to handle. Two sizes: Single Shot Pistol or Repeater. The Repeater fires 100 shots in one loading. The Single Shot shoots air rifle darts and BB shot. Well made from natural grain wood stocks. Front and rear sights. Better than an air rifle. Shipped express collect. Single Shot Pistol \$2.50; 100 Shot Pistol \$5.00

## ALL-METAL MODEL AIRPLANE



The most sensational flying model! A low priced, real flying model airplane made entirely of light-weight metal. Aluminum and duraluminum construction thru-out. Will fly right from the start and stand up to the very last. Complete down to the last detail including streamlined struts, dummy engine block, adjustable tail assembly, etc., etc. Wingspan 45". Flying Pool Metal Kit Price Postpaid 25c

Boy Electrician Tells how to make dynamo, motor, telegraph apparatus, telephones, lights, electric bells, alarms, etc. 64 pages. Price Postpaid 10c

## Surprises 'Em All



As soon as some one attempts to turn the dial to find the correct station, a large snake jumps out and even the victim will agree that the reception was bad. Price 25c

Very severe shock. Looks very realistic. Everybody will "tune in" to find out what's on and can be used over again.

Price 25c

## Snappy YACHT CAPS



Smart - Cool - Comfortable Captain's Cap

A well looking yacht cap. Just the thing for you to wear during the summer. It looks good and it is good. Cool and comfortable. Every cap has a snappy white top with a peak eye shade. Gold braid and brass buttons. Anchor emblem on front of cap. Well made and finished. Size desired.

## White Twill



Black silk-like material band, gold braid & brass buttons with anchor. Well made. Smart.

Size Price Postpaid 35c

## White Duck



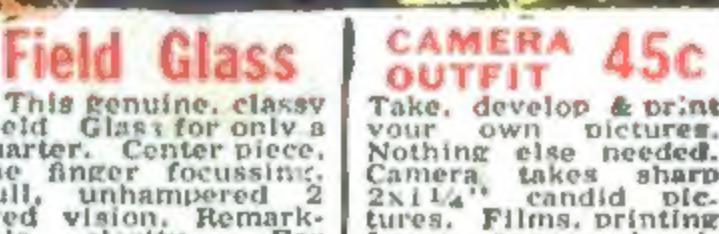
America quality duck white

cellophane visor, gold cord, brass

buttons and anchor. Size

Price Postpaid 35c

## CAMERA OUTFIT 45c



This genuine, clear

view own pictures.

Nothing else needed.

Camera takes sharp

2 1/4" candid pictures.

Films, printing

frames, chemicals, etc.

With full instructions. Price Postpaid 45c

## BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY



BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Vallee."

### World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club afair, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate. Price Only 25c

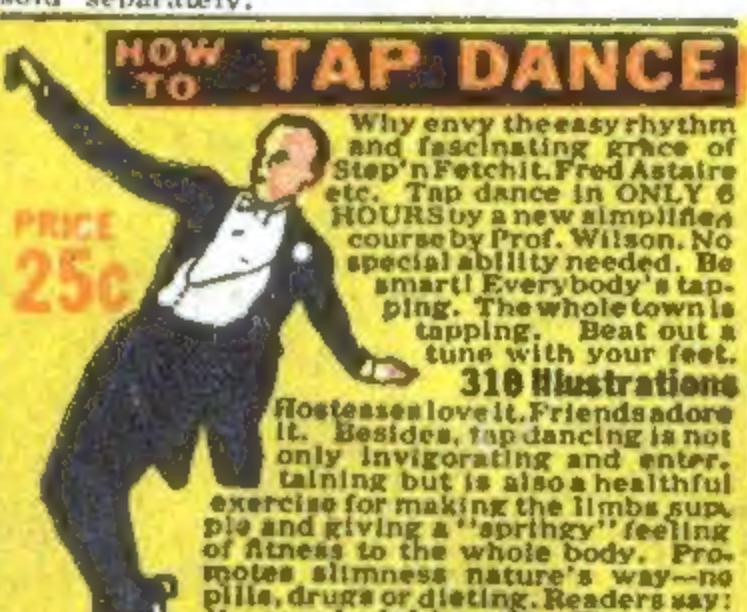
## Learn To DANCE OVER 500 ILLUSTRATIONS



Kiss, Swing Dances

far. Good dancers are always popular. Partners will always be popular guests. Partners welcome them eagerly. The newest, smartest steps without a rest. Step by step, the Quickstep, the Reverse Wave, the Waltz, Backward changes, the Continental. The famous Kiss dance, the Manhatan, the Rumba, the Cha-cha, the Charleston, etc. etc. Price Postpaid 25c

Add 10c for special supplementary course showing how to do latest dances including Step-Q, Big Apple, Peckin', Truckin', Shaw, Posin', Shine, Swing-Hi, Swing-Low. Not sold separately.



### HOW TO TAP DANCE

Why envy the easy rhythm and grace of the Step'n'Fetchit, Fred Astaire, etc. Tap dance in ONLY 6 HOURS by a new simplified course by Prof. Wilson. No special training required. Smart Everybody's tap dancing. The whole town is tapping. Beat out a tune with your feet. 318 Illustrations

Hostesses love it. Friends adore it. Besides, tap dancing is not only inspiring and tantalizing but is also a healthful exercise for making the limbs supple and giving a "springy" feeling of fitness to the whole body. Prof. Wilson's course is a way to pills, dance or diet. Results are wonderful benefits! That you for adding tap dancing to my accomplishments. Price 25c postpaid.

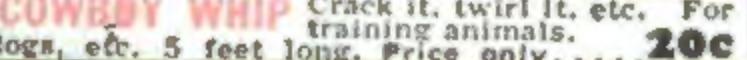


### BIG ENTERTAINER



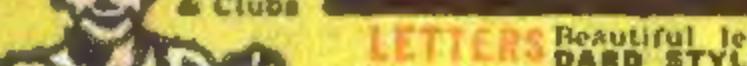
### OLD MADGE'S DREAM BOOK

Dreams, fortunes, oracles, fortune telling tabs, astrology, marriage, divorce & births, etc. Price 25c.



### COWBOY WHIP

Crack it, twirl it, etc. For training animals. 20c



### Sweater Emblems & Letters



### LETTERS

Beautiful letters. Two smart styles, STAN-

deep, brilliant blue & blue. Also, blue & gold.

VARSITY LETTERS

Deluxe, high-piled chenille letters. Exactly like those worn by hi-school and college stars.

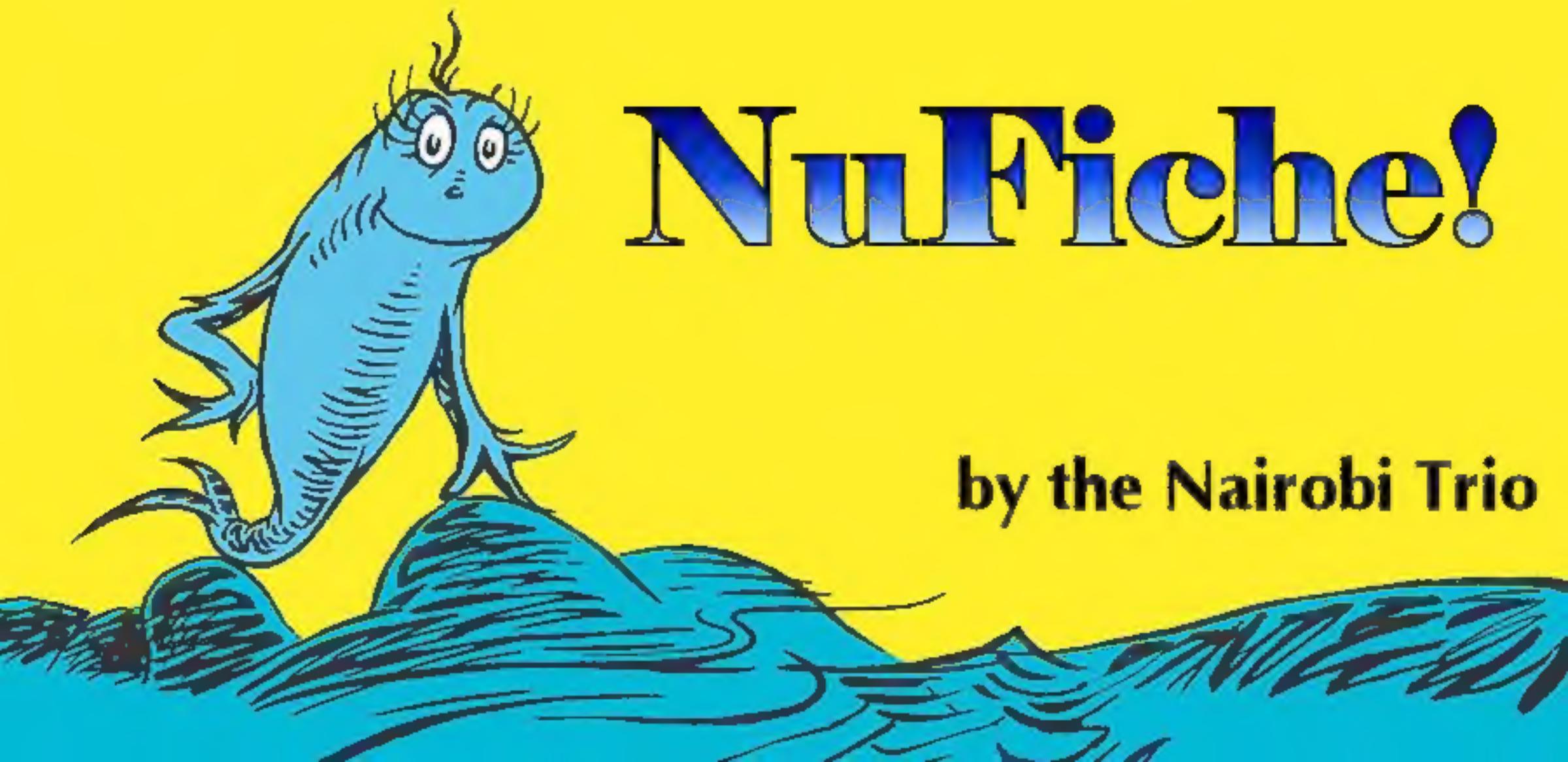
Any two color combination. Finest 1/2" deep. Any two color combination. Finest 1/2" deep. Any two color combination. Finest 1/2" deep.

Two color combination. Finest 1/2" deep. Any two color combination. Finest 1/2" deep.

Two color combination.

One fiche,  
Two fiche,  
Olde fiche,

**NuFiche!**



by the Nairobi Trio